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ARTICLE I.

THE DUTY OF CONGREGATIONALISM TO ITSELF.*

DUTY is that which is due; and that which is due depends upon relations. The relations of Congregationalism are to the kingdom of Christ in this world; and the value and greatness of that kingdom measure the duty of Congregationalism to itself.

Congregationalism is the New Testament religion embodied for its work. Like a living being, it exists and thrives by maintaining its simple naturalness, in opposition to all addition to its original doctrines, spirit and modes of action. It can encourage no denominationalism, no organization of churches into ecclesiastical bodies, any more than the religion of Christ can tolerate different religions. There should be no such concentrations of church power, no different denominations in the world, but simply local churches, each retaining independently all the power which Christ has given to his people, and all variously associating for mutual council and helpfulness. Congregationalism has a body, a form of administration and government; but this form is dependent upon the doctrines, the spirit, the life within it; as the human body is filled out, held in shape, carried and quickened by the life which is in it. Having a soul as well as a body, Congregationalism owes duties to itself in

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these its two relations ; of form or body, by which it acts upon the world ; and of spirit or soul, by which the body is carried and guided.

First, as to form or body, Congregationalism owes to itself not only existence, self-preservation, which is the first law of instinct, but also as divinely planned and authorized, and so the most natural, healthy and vigorous existence. This is of more consequence than many very charitable and active Christians have supposed. The soul, however wise and high its aim, can accomplish nothing in this world, without an organism to quicken and move. There must be a mould into which the spiritual life is poured. And if there be an organism and policy for the church life to act through, it must be divinely authorized and constituted. If God had not originally organized his church in the family of Abraham, by giving his covenant to him and to all his spiritual seed, the "heirs according to the promise" of that covenant, who would dare to enter into covenant with God, or bind his people in so solemn a relation? Who would dare to invent a covenant, sacraments and ordinances? Hence it is this Abrahamic covenant in substance, ratified with Isaac and Jacob, and with every succeeding generation of believers down to the end of the world ; and these sacraments, divinely modified at the beginning of the new dispensation for the purpose of meeting and marking the progress of the spiritual kingdom ; it is this covenant in substance and these modified sacraments and ordinances which alone give constitution and authority for the organization of any and all real churches. And not more surely were these grand constitutional elements of church organization given of God, than were the few regulations and simple policy which were essential to the security and right use of those grand constitutional elements.

If it be said that the covenant, sacraments and a few general principles were given, and the form of church organization, with its general policy, was left to the choice, tastes and circumstances of different associations of Christians in different ages and countries ; we reply, this is receiving but a part of the divine authorization and teaching. It is receiving what God has said and rejecting what God has done for our guidance. We are as plainly informed what God designed the structure and uses

of the human body should be as if they had been all written out in the Bible. It would be superfluous, and not like God to write out what he has made plain in some other way. If a man would know what is the organism of the body, let him go to that body as God has formed and set it forth for our teaching. So of the organism of the church, both under the old and new dispensations God constructed and set it forth complete and whole in its functions and working, as he would have it. What was done under the guidance of inspired apostles, and recorded for our example, we as churches may do, in substance and spirit, and nothing more.

And here is our divine authority, both for doing such things and for refusing to go beyond, and to allow that the additions, inventions and improvements of men have any authority or force in the church, which is God's house. By the traditions of men, the church of God, as well as the commandments of God, may be made of none effect. A constitution or statute book may be as thoroughly corrupted and made void by additions as by subtractions. That two-edged, flaming sword which the Holy Spirit hung at the closing gate of the scriptural canon.—"If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book"—was designed as much to guard the pure and simple structure of the divinely constituted church, as it was to guard the doctrines, both of which are alike contained therein. Indeed the whole constitution and policy of Christ's church form an important part of the doctrine to which we are to take heed, the original purity of which, in every age, is found to be the price of unceasing, heroic vigilance. For a large portion of the corruptions and abuses which have disgraced religion have been the direct result of additions to the divine constitution of the church. The Romish ambition and corruptions, and all the various forms and degrees of hierarchal pretensions, and consequent division and strife, have flowed naturally from the insidious and plausible assumption that the constitution, forms and policy of the church may be largely of human choice and invention. Here is the crevasse in the divine embankment of the church, and the breaking forth of waters beyond control. For if the principle of divine limitation is

once yielded, and human choice and invention begin to be admitted, who shall say where the limit shall be?

Here, then, is the place of duty for Congregationalism. It should set a double guard at this gate, and of better mettle than Parley the Porter. Here it may be firm without being sectarian. Indeed firmness here is the only preventive of sectarianism and schism, for where the discipline of the eighteenth chapter of Matthew is the only discipline allowed, there is no room for authoritative combinations of churches, and consequent schisms and organized bitter and perpetual strife. But instead of this there will naturally spring up local churches, all equal and independent in ecclesiastical power; and yet not independent in fellowship, but bound together in a common Christian watchfulness, a common spirit and work, and in sincere obedience to the wholesome advice and decisions both of the individual church and of the churches when gathered in councils.

It is the distinguishing and potent element of Puritanism to bow to, and only to, divine authority; and it is but half-way Puritanism, not to include the form and policy of the church with the doctrines in that divine authority. The body and soul have a mutual influence and control over each other. If one suffer the other suffers also. Unquestionably the doctrines and spirit of the church can not be kept pure without keeping the vessels that hold them clean and whole. It is no more true that the assumption of power corrupts doctrine on a wide scale, than that a loose organization and policy yield and betray doctrines on a narrow or local scale. Frank honesty is ever ready to open its hand and heart to the eyes and counsel of a true and real fellowship, such as is provided in the New Testament, and is essential to the Christian spirit and economy. It is ever the self-willed or the designing that seek the unrestraint, or the concealment, of an independency of mutual watchfulness and moral influence. It is the rejection of the divine constitution and policy of the church on this hand that has led on to the final rejection of inspiration, ending in refined rationalism or gross infidelity. But so long as Congregationalism performs its duty to itself in guarding jealously this characteristic and controlling element of Puritanism, we see not how it can much turn off from the King's high road, on the

right towards formalism and popery; or on the left towards anarchy and infidelity.

The whole shaping and policy of the church being divine, has only to be followed with fidelity by the church to insure that its existence shall be the most natural, that is, simple, and so the most healthy, vigorous and successful possible. Why should we leave the divine, the natural, the living, for the human, the artificial, the dead? Nor should it be thought that these externals are of little consequence. Health, vigor, life, depend upon them. Their relations to the kingdom of Christ militant are intimate and vital. The force and vigor of the soul depend upon the health and management of the body. Even the mechanical powers, and the mightiest agents in nature, must act upon instruments, and are dependent upon the perfection and working of machinery. The difference between the skillful, enthusiastic mechanic and the bungling, discouraged drudge at the bench is largely a difference in the keeping in order of tools. In every contest the consummate skill of James Fitz James will prove more than a match for the main strength of Rhoderick Dhu.

Hence Congregationalism owes it to itself that its few and simple ecclesiastical principles be made familiar as household words in all the churches. It is bound, by all its relations to the kingdom of Christ, to keep pure, simple, scriptural and respected, all ecclesiastical action, whether in churches or in councils. It should make sure that its church members, its ministers, its editors, its theological professors and all its doctors and great men think it no waste of time and not beneath them, to attend the business meetings of churches and councils, to gather in zealous crowds at the associations and conferences, both local and general, where, and so that these primary, yet far reaching themes may be often opened and discussed with all possible wisdom and effect.

But in its interior, its life, or soul relations to Christ's kingdom, Congregationalism owes duties to itself which are even more important than those which have been mentioned. It is the soul which animates, and gives character and carriage to the body. As the soul depreciates the joints loosen, the muscles relax, and the whole body halts and relapses. Let a hundred feeble-minded persons be sprinkled promiscuously into a pro-

cession and you can readily distinguish them all by their gait and carriage as far as you can see them. This is the secret of the weak and beggarly appearance and results of all attempts to practice Congregationalism where the Christian doctrines and spirit have been vitiated or rejected. Under organizations with more imposing forms and ceremonial service, a loose or a false faith may long take shelter and seem to flourish. But in the simple practice of the New Testament church structure and polity, there is little or nothing which formalism, hypocrisy, or infidelity can desire. The inner faith and life are all that can make the outward being strong and attractive. If these are wanting, Congregationalism is, to a great extent, like the glorious Head of the church to the unbelieving world, but "a root out of dry ground." This is both another evidence of its divine source, and the reason that neither Unitarianism nor Universalism can be more than the mimicry of Congregationalism. The doctrines and spirit of Christ and the first Christians, the full soul of religious life, these are essential to Congregationalism.

Hence the greatest duty which Congregationalism owes to itself is to guard and cherish the vital forces of Gospel faith and earnest Christian life. These two elements constitute the spring-head of Congregationalism. It was these, the strong and bold doctrines of grace, and warm, gushing religious life—it was these that made Congregationalism so single minded and so mighty in the days of the apostles, and for a generation or two after the day of Pentecost. When these began to decline, and in proportion as they declined, Congregationalism became changed and corrupted by additions of men, and finally was well-nigh swallowed up like a life stream in the sands of a great desert which it had come to water, and which it might have made a rich and fertile land. It was these, furnishing a mighty power acting through a natural channel, that made Congregationalism so heroic and unconquerable with the Puritans in Old England, and so victorious and far reaching with their descendants in New England. The Puritanic, strong system of faith and high spiritual life, untrammelled by the clumsy, traditionary additions of men in its outward manifestation and working, must in the divine economy ever be absolutely unconquerable and ultimately triumphant. It has the divine wisdom

for guidance and the divine life for endurance ; the courage and tenacity of purpose to " fight it out on this line " forever, rather than that the " gates of hell " should prevail against it. But the two must not, can not be separated without failure. Rather we should say, the three can not be safely separated, the apostolic faith, the apostolic spiritual life, the apostolic church policy, a three-fold cord which, while braided together, can never be broken.

It follows that Congregationalism owes it to itself to " earnestly contend for the faith which was once [*ἀπαρξ*, wholly, once for time] delivered unto the saints." We have often been astonished at the readiness of some Congregationalists to yield, partially at least, several of the great doctrinal facts which are essential to the Puritan system of faith, for the sake of union with various denominations, and consequent enlargement. Just as if Congregationalism could be retained without retaining its system of faith. It is in reality a willingness to change Congregationalism into something else for the sake of making it large. It is the simple elements in nature that are strong and indestructible ; amalgams, pudding-stones, are weak and always liable to fall to pieces, and are very unsafe foundations to build upon. To cling to the scriptural policy, as to the scriptural faith, and yield to nothing else, is not sectarian ; but is the true antidote to all sectarianism and denominationalism. But to be so enamoured of the policy, the form, or rather to be so enamoured of a kind of babel enlargement as to be ready to yield life and soul, which alone can fill out, animate and carry the form, is to be on the very high road to sectarianism. It would compass sea and land to make proselytes, and when they are made they are at least tenfold less Congregationalists than they were before.

Moreover, to give up the apostolic faith in any degree, is in that degree to give up the apostolic life. A " dead orthodoxy," if there is in reality such a thing, is better than nothing. It is, by the hypothesis, something. It is the essential foundation. But a spiritual life without a substantial orthodoxy is an absurdity, a nonentity. The idea is a reproach to the God of truth who has declared that " they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." There can be no other right conception of religion than that of right views producing right

feelings and action. Nor are we in this at all inconsistent with the action of the late National Council. We would have Congregationalism generously coöperative for certain benevolent purposes, and in certain temporary emergencies, with all those who do not fatally reject the Gospel. We would have a special basis of doctrine to guide us in such coöperation. But this should never lead us to relax in the least the great historic system of faith, which the church has wrought out through outward and inward struggles and experience for many centuries. The past surely is secure; and however great the progress yet to be made, it can not be a progress of departure from that which is past of the hidden life of Congregationalism, and which has largely characterized it, and made it what it has ever been.

It only remains to speak of the duty of Congregationalism in retaining and increasing that spiritual life which we have seen to be so essential a part of itself. The particular duty is, not that of retaining and increasing the religious spirit in general—not that higher Christian life is needed in the churches and their individual members, however true and important this may be—but that this spirit and life be infused into Congregationalism as a government. Its whole organization and policy need to be enlivened and controlled by a fervent, working piety. All its ecclesiastical business and meetings should be brought into close and constant connection with the great work which the Lord of the church has given her to do. Jesus Christ gave the work of converting the world into the hands of his church, and with this work all his covenant promises, and pledged, efficient help stand connected. So the apostles and early Christians evidently understood the great commission, as they went forth organizing churches everywhere, and operating through them directly upon the world. It is said of Paul and Barnabas, when they set out for Jerusalem to take council of the apostles and elders, that they were "brought on their way by the church." And when they were come to Jerusalem "they were received of the church." Moreover, their council of apostles and elders possessed the wisdom and delegated authority of the churches, and acted by virtue of the same. Such is the intimation in all their home and foreign missionary work. But

among us how little the church, as such, has to do with the great benevolent organizations and plannings of the age! How few councils of the churches are called to hear reports from missionaries, and decide their difficult questions and give them fresh instructions in the voice of the Master speaking through his living body the church! Voluntary societies have arisen to stand in colossal shadows between the churches and the affecting and inspiring work of rescuing perishing men. Of course these voluntary societies gather around them and absorb the spiritual interest which was designed for the churches in their necessary ecclesiastical maintenance and meetings. Hence all the efforts, in our various conferences of churches, associations and larger councils, to bring in essays, discussions and various religious services, that the interest and life which are felt to be wanting, may be, in sufficient measure, restored to sustain these organizations. The life and interest which would flow in naturally we have very much shut out from our gatherings by separating the great benevolent operations which, without any effort, thrill Christian hearts and sway the multitudes, from the mere routine of necessary business, retaining only the latter to ourselves.

How long would there remain any of that deep, often excited interest in the business meetings of railroads and manufacturing companies, if the election of the officers, the direction of the laborers, the controlling of the funds, the hearing of reports from the fields occupied, the discussion and inaugurating of new enterprises were all separated from the mere business routine of keeping up the visible and statutory organization! The mere keeping in repair and running the machinery for its own sake is intolerable. But even the filing of the saw may become deeply interesting when the filer witnesses the splendid work which it performs and has the motive of large pecuniary results to cheer him. What if all that interest which will be manifested in the faces of the thronging thousands, who will in a few days press to the annual meeting of the American Board, could be gathered around our annual Congregational meetings! Would there be many vacant seats here, or many appointed messengers of the churches remaining at their homes? And yet a large share of the funds and the interest consequent upon the appropriating of

those funds, have sprung up, like fountains, from the churches here represented, and could not have existed without the maintenance of our ecclesiastical organization and life. But in addition to this, what if all the interest which our contributions create in home missions, in elevating the freedmen, in organizing Sabbath schools in waste places, in sending abroad religious tracts and books to the millions, were added to, and became an important part of our annual ecclesiastical meetings? How greatly would all this increase the spiritual life of Congregationalism, filling out its forms with soul and grace and power, in all its carriage and motion.

There need be here no fear of ecclesiastical centralization and the usurping of the functions and powers of the churches. The very opposite must result. As we propose no ecclesiastical boards and no corporations, close or otherwise, to stand between the churches and their work, the result would be that the local churches would recover their lost powers and ecclesiastical life together. It would throw upon them all ecclesiastical power, and work the increase of conscious responsibility, benevolence, and zeal in the individual churches. If it be said the Congregational system is not strong or compact and concentrated enough for such work, we reply, this is just what many have said of Congregationalism as a government. But if it is sufficient for all purposes of government it is for all purposes of benevolent work. It is not a weak but a mighty organization.

We do not deny that several voluntary and coöperative societies might still be needed. Nor is this the place to attempt any outline for the practical accomplishment of the end in view. The aim now is to show that Congregationalism owes to itself the addition of all this interest and spiritual life to its working organism. Our need being really felt, and our aim once in the right direction, all the rest might be safely left to the providence of God and the pliant adaptability of our system. But this much is certain, that Congregationalism owes to itself distinctively and amply Congregational organization for benevolent action in all the leading departments of Christian effort; and this organization should be under the responsible direction of the local churches. It should rest directly on the churches with as little separate action and machinery as possible. The work and

success which it accomplishes should be the work and success of the churches as directly and manifestly as the results of councils are the acts of the churches. It is due to the self-preservation and efficient action of Congregationalism that it have a Tract and Book Department in its own interest, and under its own management. It should be a society of itself by which to carry Congregationalism to the Freedmen and to all the South. It should in due time become both a Home and Foreign Missionary instrumentality for carrying the policy, faith and life of Puritan power through all our broad national domain, and to the nations that lie beyond.

With such views and experience of Congregationalism as we possess, how can we justify ourselves in furnishing funds to be employed in such unions as utterly shut out Congregationalism, if not also in building sectarian engines to resist our own future progress, and to stand in the way of laying broadly the only possible basis of ultimate Christian union? Have we not learned by the past that Congregationalism must take care of itself, or it will not be cared for? And it may be that the rapid multiplication of voluntary societies, and their management for their own interests rather than for ours will soon compel us to decided action. How shall a stand be made against the duplicating and multiplying of societies not responsible to the churches, and the consequent confusion and waste, unless it be by the churches taking their own work into their own hands?

ARTICLE II.

LYMAN BEECHER.

Autobiography, Correspondence, etc., of Lyman Beecher, D.D.
Edited by CHARLES BEECHER. With Illustrations. In
Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

AMONG the distinguished names of our most brilliant forensic period was that of Lyman Beecher. To indicate the singular opulence of that period in this respect, it is sufficient to refer to such men as Judge Story, Thomas H. Benton, the

Masons — lawyer and divine, John Quincy Adams, Levi Woodbury, Ichabod Bartlett, Rufus Choate. It included also the illustrious chiefs, Webster, Clay, Calhoun. God made these men great, and he seldom makes such great men. We were young when they were at the zenith of their great fame, but still think we would go further to look at Daniel Webster as he was in 1830, than to hear the best eloquence of Brougham, O'Connell, Sir Robert Peel, Emile Girardin, Bouvet, or Victor Hugo. In the full, resplendent vigor of his manhood there was a more than kingly majesty in his aspect. Had he lived in that day, the apotheosis of the old Romans would have made him the rival of Jupiter. It was not the massive head on the Platonic shoulders, nor the dark, lustrous eye, looking forth serenely from that heavy brow, like a star beaming from under the fringes of a black cloud, nor yet the mouth, whose very outline was a grand argument, or like the record of a great history; but a certain indescribable character of grandeur which sat so royally upon them all, that commanded our homage, almost as to a superhuman presence, making us feel that there was the hiding of a wondrous power.

If Lyman Beecher "attained not unto the first three," he was not the last among the "thirty and seven." God made him out of a noble stock, physically as well as intellectually. His great-grandfather could lift a barrel of cider and drink at the bung-hole. His grandfather, who was a stalworth blacksmith of six feet, could lift it into a cart. His father, who worked on the same anvil on the old oak stump at New Haven, could lift it and carry it into the cellar.

As God meant Lyman Beecher for an orator he put three nationalities into him, Scotch metaphysics, English rhetoric and Welsh fire and unction. The circumstances of his birth supply a striking illustration of God's government of the world in the smallest things. He was the only child of his mother, who gave birth to him prematurely October 12, 1775, and died. Puny and feeble, like General Marion, of whom it is written that he might have been put in a quart pot, he was laid aside for dead; but the nurse casually looking to be quite sure, gave utterance to her sorrow to find that he was living. She was no prophetess; saw not that in that tender, frail life were sus-

pended such events as the Beechers and the Beecher Stowes : Edward and Charles and George and Henry and Catharine and Harriet. Can anybody tell us how God could have a hand in any of the events in which the Beechers have acted a part, and not direct that look of the unprophetic nurse? He had other narrow escapes, moreover, at a very early age — stumbled into a dye-pot; sat down in a kettle of scalding water, and was only saved from being crushed by a falling tree through its lodging in its descent directly over his head.

God ordered his childhood and made it pleasant, notwithstanding his early orphanage, in the house of "aunt Benton," sister to the dead mother, in the beautiful town of North Guilford, Ct. What a noble creature was the girl Annis, who brought Lyman Beecher up by hand, and of whom he says that she was "nurse, mother, sister and all"; who quieted his fears when the northern lights — a "blood-red arch" — made him think the day of judgment was come, and talked to him, kindly and at suitable times, of his soul.

His constitution was hardened by labor on the farm, and the heroic events of the revolution made their impression on him. The occasional military air of his oratory must have owed something to such an event as seeing his "uncle Benton, startled by the sound of cannon toward New Haven, stop the team in mid furrow, fling off harness, mount old Sorrel, bareback, shoulder the old musket, and away with all practicable speed to the scene of conflict," and still more to that grand firing at the close of the war, when a cannon was brought down from New Haven and fired thirteen times, one for every State, being filled the last time with stones and "let drive into the top of a great oak tree." Fishing and hunting, of which he was passionately fond, also did their part in his early development, and so did the magnificent thunder storms, which excited him like wine, and made him wish they might last all day. Who that ever heard him do battle from the pulpit or the platform could doubt that his oratory took something from those black thunder-clouds which he used to watch with so much interest as they approached each other from opposite points above the mountains of North Guilford, and the sudden explosion and prolonged reverberating roar produced by the fierce encounter?

Uncle Benton meant him to stay among those mountains and listen to that grand thunder always, and to inherit the farm and grow in stoutness till he too could lift the barrel of cider as his fathers had done before him. But God meant him to translate that thunder to other regions, and to make it play in new forms around prouder mountains than those of North Guilford, until they should tremble on their weak foundations. That huge, heavy, cumbrous, old plough, patched all over with old hoes and pieces of iron, to preserve its precious identity, with which uncle Benton ploughed three several times a fifteen acre lot he was clearing, young Lyman driving the oxen, brought a crisis and furnished a pivot. The triple ploughing of the fifteen acre lot—all joy to uncle Benton, who saw already the fine crop it would produce, sickened him beyond measure and past all endurance with the whole business of farming. It was, moreover, just the fitting opportunity for his strategy. His airy castle-building, while driving the team, sent him frequently ahead of his work, leaving the oxen to drag the old plough along quite out of the furrow, to the immense annoyance of uncle Benton, but to the rapid working out of Lyman's destiny. A few days later, walking with his uncle over the same rough and steep hill-sides, he fell into a brown study and kept saying "Whoa!" "Haw!" "Gee!" as if still by the oxen. This settled the matter, as he no doubt meant it should, and he was soon on the road to college.

It is curious to note that at this early period he began to pick up the theology of which he subsequently became so redoubtable a champion. He pursued his preparatory studies with Parson Bray. Parson Bray was his aunt's minister, and Parson Bray came to talk with his aunt about her soul, and Lyman heard him speak of "inability," and he had to sit and listen to Parson Bray's preaching on the Sabbath, and could not understand a word of his sermon, and Parson Bray was no genius, no orator; and moreover he taught his young pupil very imperfectly in arithmetic, a circumstance to which he attributed his failure in mathematics in Yale College, and so altogether *inability* had but a poor chance. To the very end of his days inability was associated in his mind with Parson Bray's heavy, unintelligible sermons, and his own mortifying inability in mathematics.

He entered Yale at eighteen, when the college was but a dim foreshadowing of its present high character. But he had an intellect as active as it was brilliant and keen, and moreover, "uncle Williston," who was also a preacher at West Haven, and whose treatment of a subject in the pulpit he compared to a hen with an ear of corn, scratching and pecking at it till nothing is left but the cob; this poor, prosy uncle Williston had, nevertheless, at the outset, before Parson Bray took him in hand, drilled him in a *Latin Latin Grammar*, making him study, parse and write every thing in Latin, so that he called it "a deadly trial; but the best fortune he ever had." That old plough, which he calls "the most horrible memorial of the time," had contributed not a little to the vigor as well as the agility of both body and mind. He made his mark before the end of Freshman year, and that in a characteristic way. The fagging system was then in full play at Yale, as also at Harvard, members of the upper classes being allowed to make servants or "fags" of the Freshmen, and to exercise great tyranny over them. Young Beecher was initiated by being sent for to a room full of Sophomores, and so full of tobacco-smoke that it was impossible to see across it. There he was questioned and cross-questioned in English and Latin, and plied with solemn advice, at the conclusion of which ceremony, Forbes, a big Sophomore, took him for his fag, and sent him every day on errands, till the thing became even more insufferable than the old plough had been. There were classmates, of course having their own peculiar trials of a like kind, in whose breasts the sorrows of Beecher awakened sympathy. At the still hour of midnight on a moon-light night, some hard bricks entered Forbes' room rather unexpectedly, with little regard to sash or glass, and to the imminent endangering of the Sophomore's head. Thereafter Freshman Beecher went on no more errands for Forbes, and the system of fagging soon disappeared from the precincts of Yale forever.

Two things of interest enter into the history of Beecher's Sophomore year. One was his failure in mathematics, which in his old age he still attributed to poor Parson Bray, who did not teach him arithmetic. It is little to be doubted that the inability in that direction whether natural, or moral, was innate. A treatise

on Algebra or the Differential Calculus by a Beecher would be a curiosity. The other interesting incident was the accession of Dr. Dwight to the Presidency of the College, and the ease with which he made the students ashamed of the Tom Paine infidelity so much abounding. A six months' steady campaign from the pulpit drove it all away. It was at this time that the President preached his system of divinity in a series of forenoon discourses. Young Beecher took notes of all and condensed them into skeletons. His mind was made up to be a preacher before he became a Christian, being disgusted with the law, for which he considered himself peculiarly suited in some respects, because of the "little quirks and turns and janglings" he had observed in the pleadings of even such men as Pierpont Edwards and David Daggett.

The account of his conversion is peculiar, and not quite clear. It was during his Junior year. A casual remark of his mother plunged him in deep conviction of his sinfulness. At first he despaired, feeling that he was lost, and deserved to be; then his despair lessened, and he worked "like a giant" to change his own heart, but found that impossible and gave it up; then was tormented with election and fell into a dark, sullen, unfeeling state of mind, and continued so till his health was affected; read Edwards on the Affections and the Life of David Brainerd, and heard President Dwight preach, but grew worse rather than better, stumbling all the while under law, with no view of Christ; until, after many months, the light broke in gradually, election and decrees became less a stumbling-block, and he became at length reconciled and resigned; but with an unfriendly feeling, which he always retained, to Edwards and Brainerd and high Calvinism, and too protracted a law work; all which stumbling-blocks it was the design of his clinical theology to enable his young converts to avoid through his whole ministry, as he says. It is plain enough that all this, added to Parson Bray's lack of genius, and talk on inability, and failure to teach him arithmetic, was not fitted to impart a particularly Augustinian tinge to his theology, clinical or systematic.

His Senior year was by far the richest of all in intellectual spoils. With President Dwight for instructor, and Blair and

Duncan and Locke and Paley and the Catechism for textbooks; with debates, written or extemporaneous, by the class, the President summing up at the close; and with the President's brilliant extempore lectures in class exercises, and carefully prepared theological lectures at the close of the week, such a mind as Beecher's must have developed rapidly, as it did. It is not at all to be wondered at that "uncle Lot was proud of me!" when this bright intellect flashed out in the vacations spent at his house. It is amusing at this distance of time to think of young Beecher, when the butler left, taking the buttery, trundling a load of melons and cantelopes across the common in a wheelbarrow, sending to New York by an English parson, a judge of the article, for a hogshead of porter, and selling things to Moses Stuart, who was two classes below him.

The class of which Beecher was a member was one of the best, equalled on the whole by only one other taught by President Dwight, as he said. It furnished sixteen lawyers and fifteen ministers of the Gospel. Beecher had no appointment at Commencement, owing to his deficiency in mathematics, which, again, was owing to Parson Bray's deficiency in teaching him arithmetic. Poor Parson Bray! Poor azazel! Was he not sent, heavily laden, far into the wilderness on that graduating day?

His brief theological course came directly after, under the direction of President Dwight. There was no Hebrew, but reading, writing and a weekly meeting to read and discuss with the Divinity tutor. The Deistical controversy was an existing thing. President Dwight threw his whole soul into it. Hence his students were well versed in the evidences of Christianity. It was also a revival era. Moreover—and in our view this was by no means the least consideration—young Beecher went twice a week to uncle Williston's, and spoke in evening meetings: *spoke*, that is to say, he *preached* twice a week during his theological studies, and he studied nine months. If he had studied three years, and kept silent till near the close, could he have been the preacher he was? We trow not. "From the very commencement of his ministry he never preached without his eye on his audience," saith the memoir. *Can a man preach*

without his eye on his audience? To talk directly to an audience, with a mind diligently prepared with a train of well digested thought and illustration, and a heart all aglow with spiritual affection, is not this a higher thing than to read, however well, the best written discourse? And why may a man not be trained for this as well as for the other? We are quite sure that he can.

The book is so full of incident and interest that it does not need to be relieved by the pleasant correspondence between Mr. Beecher and Roxana, his future wife, which is inserted at this point, and which exhibits him as an earnest, intelligent Christian man, yet full of vivacity and wit and warm affection. At about this time he read in a newspaper, that Dr. Buell, of East Hampton, Ct., was dead, and thought he would like to be his successor, but could have small chance. But the people found that they wanted a young man who could break the heads of the infidels, and so God sent Lyman Beecher, having prepared him for this particular work. Having been duly licensed along with three others, wondering where all the four would find places, he preached his first regular sermon at Old Guilford. If he retained all the freedom and fervor of those off-hand addresses at uncle Williston's evening meetings, it was a triumph.

He was invited to East Hampton to preach as a candidate and went, journeying on his own horse on a pleasant day in November, 1798, with all his worldly goods packed in a small white hair trunk which he carried on the pommel of his saddle. He found the people in a state of suspended hostilities, all the members of the church except one with many of the sober people desiring a Mr. K——, and all the young people against him. Mr. Beecher labored under the farther disadvantage that he could not conscientiously baptize all the children indiscriminately, as Dr. Buell had done — a practice brought from England, and which still prevails almost universally among the English Independents. In this condition of things he commenced his labors, encountering stormy Sabbaths and small congregations for a time, yet nothing daunted, and "lectured and visited and lectured" in the week, and "was nicknamed the snow-bird for flying about so in the snow-

storms," and was pronounced a "starchy chap" by the young people, and encountered opposition from the friends of Mr. K—— and the advocates of indiscriminate infant baptism; yet gained week after week all through the winter and spring, and on the 29th of June, 1799, wrote in his diary: "Most have signed. Those who refuse, most of them wish me to stay, and declare their intention to pay." He was ordained in the following September, and the same month terminated a pleasant courtship with the intelligent, warm-hearted, fascinating Roxana Foote, by making her his wife and setting up housekeeping. He had trouble about baptism of course, but maintained his ground firmly and kindly, labored in season and out of season, displaying wonderful common sense and tact at every point, as well as earnestness, was blessed with revivals, wrote some of his best sermons, was happy with Roxana in their snug house with sanded floors, and continued to grow all the time. Rare gifts had the gentle, brave Roxana to make a beautiful home for her husband. Herself a centre of sweet attraction, she was ingenious to multiply attractions all about her. It would not appear that any domestic duty was neglected while, with her own hands, she spun from a bale of cotton, and sized, and painted in oil colors mixed by herself, with a border all around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the centre, that gay carpet on which good old Deacon Tallmadge was afraid to step, exclaiming, as he gazed with admiration: "D'ye think ye can have all that, *and heaven too?*"

His salary was \$400. He preached and labored ten years, found himself the father of five children, practiced all the economy of which he was master, aided by his frugal wife, fell behindhand a hundred dollars a year, and then left because his people declined to lift him out of his embarrassments and raise his salary to \$500 a year. It was all a mistake to ask more salary, even if the archangel had been the incumbent. If Mr. Beecher had accepted the call to Litchfield, and then assigned inadequate support as the reason, his people at East Hampton would have said and believed that they would have given him more if they had known, and much unpleasant feeling would have been saved. A minister should never ask for more salary until he is ready to leave his post.

The most important period in the life of Dr. Beecher was the sixteen years spent at Litchfield, from 1810 to 1826. Many things contributed to make it an attractive sphere. A beautiful town, "diversified with hills, valleys, mountains and lakes," with fine fishing grounds, and forests stored with game; abounding in "interesting incidents and associations, patriotic, literary and religious," having been the resort, in revolutionary times, of Washington, Lafayette, Rochambeau, and most of the principal officers of the army. Col. Tallmadge, a man of splendid stature, being above six feet in height, and large in proportion, who had fought at Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, etc., was a parishioner and personal friend of Dr. Beecher. There were also physicians, lawyers, judges, governors, members of Congress and poets; in all not a few, making up a brilliant social and literary circle. Lyman Beecher was at the zenith of his powers, and rejoiced as a strong man to run a race. He fashioned his old sermons anew, preached them like a Boanerges, as he was, aimed earnestly and directly and constantly to save his people, and was blessed with extensive revivals; kept his eye, at the same time, on every question of morals, detected each lurking foe, and smote the Philistines on every hand. An affecting incident in the parish brought to mind the skeletons of his six famous sermons on intemperance, which had been made at East Hampton. In six succeeding weeks he filled them up, and let them off from his pulpit, smoking hot, like guns from a battery.

Very interesting and very touching were the incidents of his domestic life at Litchfield. The story of the beautiful and ill-fated Mary Hubbard furnishes an exceedingly mournful episode in the family narrative. A younger sister of his wife, combining brilliancy of intellect with the most captivating personal beauty and sweetness of manners, she was but seventeen when she fascinated Capt. Hubbard, whom she married, and went with him to the West Indies, only to open her eyes on the most appalling condition of social morals, and to make the agonizing discovery that all her beautiful dreams were ended in a hopeless, eternal blight. She came back of course, and found an asylum and a home in the house of Dr. Beecher, was idolized by the children, and admired and loved by all. Sparkling

with intelligence, full of vivacity and wit, overflowing with warm affection, she made journeys, and saw and appreciated all that was noblest in scenery and art; read books and criticised them, listened reverently to sermons, and prayed to God, and cheered and gladdened the hearts of her friends, but could not be cheered nor gladdened herself, for a dreadful sorrow was at her heart; and she pined and sickened and grew weary of her blighted life, and died and was laid in the grave.

Here also his first great domestic affliction fell on Dr. Beecher. His noble-hearted and accomplished Roxana, the wife of his youth, mother of Catharine and William and Edward and Mary and George and Harriet and Henry; faithful and loving companion of his early toils and trials in the ministry, suddenly sickened, declined rapidly, and fell asleep in Jesus, leaving his heart and home desolate. Can any thing be more deeply mournful and touching than a family of children, from infancy upward, in the home where the mother is lying dead, or sobbing around her open grave? "Then came the funeral. Henry was too little to go. I remember his golden curls and little black frock, as he frolicked like a kitten in the sun in ignorant joy." Yet when all was over, and the house was still, and the mother was not there, little Henry felt that there was a great deal missing, and having heard that his mother was in the ground, and also that she was in heaven, he put the two together in his childish way, and went one morning and began to dig vigorously under his sister's window, and on being asked what he was doing, he answered; "Why, I'm going to heaven to find ma."

It was at Litchfield that most of these children grew to the stature of men and women, and here their various characters, always far more like than unlike, were formed, and formed, as to their habits of thought and speech, their philosophy and religious belief, more under their father's influence than under all other influences put together. Their love and admiration of him were unbounded. Reverence no doubt was added, so far as they were capable of that sentiment at all. In this, too, they were less unlike their father than has been generally supposed.

Lyman Beecher was made to be a champion, as we have

seen. He never appeared in his full strength save when battling with some gigantic evil. The Temperance reformation furnished an opportunity which he turned to good account, and won rich laurels, as all the world knows. When the standing order in religion was assailed, and made a question in state politics, he buckled on sword and helmet, and fought like *Cæsar*, not then seeing, as he saw clearly when he was defeated and the standing order overthrown, that Christianity has far more power when left to itself, than when the State affects to bestow its aid in the shape of favoritism to a denomination. For Sabbath observance, too, he did invaluable service; for he believed that the obligation of the Sabbath was something more than a law of the bones, as *Henry Ward* has defined it. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," he accepted as a divine command, and so kept the day in his household in a manner which his children, alas! say it is gloomy to remember.

But the grand arena on which his strength and prowess were displayed, was the great Unitarian controversy. Massachusetts was the theatre of this battle, and especially Boston. It was here that this subtle heresy had strongly entrenched itself. This it had accomplished by a method peculiar and characteristic. Exceeding cautious in declaring any new or strange doctrine, and retaining the old terminology to a large extent, it gradually and insidiously gave to that terminology another meaning; it dropped the great foundation-doctrines from its pulpit ministrations, and all the while claimed to be the only depository of the truth of the Gospel in its latest and fullest manifestation, and as deduced from the latest and most scholarly interpretation; while all who differed were branded as narrow, unintelligent, behind the times, disturbers, heresy-hunters. Such are the tactics with which, in every age, the truth of God has been undermined, and soul-destroying error has usurped its place.

It could not be otherwise than that so eager a champion as *Lyman Beecher* should make his appearance on such a battle ground. A sermon preached by him at an ordination at Park Street, on "The Bible a Code of Laws," created a profound sensation, and showed the Unitarians that they were very far from a monopoly either of talent or hard argument in this controversy. At the installation of *Elias Cornelius* at Salem, he

dealt another heavy blow in his sermon on "The Local Church." Still four years later he was called to preach at an ordination in Worcester, and gave his celebrated discourse on "The Faith Once Delivered to the Saints." Dr. Bacon says this was "like a huge bomb thrown right into the camp of the adversaries."

The press was also used with great effect, and the battle waxed warm on both sides. Channing and the *Christian Examiner* and the *North American* were on the one side, and on the other, the *Christian Spectator* and Stuart and Woods and Tyler and Taylor and Beecher. As we remember what came after, it looks strange to read the names of Tyler and Nettleton and Harvey and Taylor and Beecher associated in preparing and sending forth a series of doctrinal tracts. The *Christian Spectator* grew out of this movement and included the same names.

It is not at all strange that brethren who thus fought side by side in that grand battle for the faith once delivered to the saints, should have been pained to discover that there were very grave doctrinal differences among themselves, and that they should have tried hard to persuade themselves and each other that these differences were unimportant. Neither is it fair, nor consistent with truth, to attribute the stand ultimately taken by Beecher to the influence of Taylor. No man's theological belief was ever more entirely and honestly his own than was his. It was a predestinate thing from the day of his conversion, which left a bruise but partially healed in regard to election and decrees; and even from the day when Parson Bray talked of inability and preached unintelligible sermons. From the very commencement of his ministry, and throughout, Lyman Beecher was the champion of human ability. This led him, and leads everybody, to mingle metaphysics largely with his clinical theology even. Hence, in dealing with his own daughter Catharine, in answer to her plea of helplessness, and her casting the blame on God, he tells her she has not put forth all her power in an effort to love God, (I., 512); as if it were a question at all of the measure of power, and not of the simple, absolute condition of the will or heart. As if all the power of the sinner was not put forth in hating God until he was loved, and loved without an effort, as, before, sin was loved and God hated without an effort. As if there could possibly

be any deeper, deadlier hatred of God than Catharine Beecher expressed when she deliberately cast on him the blame of her conscious and confessed inability, and declared that, sooner than relinquish her belief in the Divine rectitude, she would reject the doctrines of revelation, (I., 484, 498) ; thus setting up her notion of the Divine rectitude in opposition to the plain declarations of the Bible. This is undoubtedly the real feeling of every unregenerate heart, and it is a rebellious and wicked spirit which must be subdued before there be a true peace and a well grounded hope of heaven. The "clinical theology" we must think was sorely at fault. Where Paul would have silenced cavil by the rebuke ; "Nay, but O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" Mr. Beecher brought weapons from his metaphysical armory. His dealing with his daughter was doubtless a fair sample of his method with religious inquirers, of which he was wont to boast as a discovery. "I wish I could give you my clinical theology. I have used my evangelical philosophy all my life time, and relieved people without number out of the sloughs of high Calvinism." I., p. 47. Thus he had his full share of responsibility in the creation of that flood of metaphysical theology which has threatened to deluge the land. So have we sat through a whole hot day, and listened to a theological examination by a learned professor, in which conclusion after conclusion was reached from morn to noon, and from noon to the end of the chapter, in relation to sin and atonement and justification, on the ground that it must be so, with ill suppressed sneers at the simplicity of those who are willing to believe that the end of all controversy is reached in a plain "Thus saith the Lord."

It is evident that with Catharine at least the Doctor's metaphysics failed utterly, and yet he was full of the belief that he and Taylor could have converted Byron. Albert Barnes says, he is confident the time will come when truth will be so presented as to secure the assent not only of the understanding but also of the heart.* Mr. Beecher thought the time had come already.

"Father often said, in after years, that he wished he could have seen Byron, and presented to his mind his views of religious truth.

* *Life at Three-Score* : pp. 34, 36.

He thought if Byron 'could only have talked with Taylor and me, it might have got him out of his troubles.' . . . And though he firmly believed in total depravity, yet practically he never seemed to realize that people were unbelievers for any other reason than for want of light, and that clear and able arguments would not at once put an end to scepticism." I., 530.

Did he not believe then fully in the doctrine of divine sovereignty and the Holy Spirit? Assuredly he did, and preached it all along. He could sing as fervently as Nettleton or Woods :

" Can aught beneath a power Divine
The stubborn will subdue ?"

Yet he differed, and that widely, from both, in his views of the relation of the Holy Spirit and the sovereignty of God to human agency ; inasmuch as he was the advocate and champion of human ability. The Holy Spirit converts men by directing and holding their attention to two main points, to wit, their own guilt and the mercy of God. To direct attention or suffer it to be diverted from these to one's own mental or moral processes, is to depart from the Divine method, and so to render conversion improbable if not impossible. Thus, when Paul's aim is "that every mouth may be stopped and all the world may become guilty before God," he enters into no philosophical discussion about ability or inability, but shuts up all under condemnation by the simple declaration of God. If the plain declaration of God, without explanation or justification, will not silence men and convince them, nothing will. Hence, the pulpit must dogmatise, must utter oracles, must pronounce certain and fearful condemnation on men, as from the mouth of God ; must base this condemnation on the fact that men voluntarily transgress the holy law of God ; and still more on the fact that men voluntarily reject the Saviour whom God has provided. This is biblical preaching, and the preaching which is greatly demanded in our day, as it is the only preaching which God blesses in any day. This was preëminently the preaching of Bunyan and Baxter and Howe and Whitefield and Edwards, as it is to-day the preaching of Spurgeon, which God is making effectual in the conversion of sinners above that of any living man.

It is pretty plain that the staple of Dr. Beecher's preaching was of this type, notwithstanding he gives, as part of his theological foundation, in his farewell sermon to his East Hampton flock "such ability in man to do his duty as constitutes him inexcusable, though God should never make him willing to do it." I., 197. When he attempted to adjust matters with a soul in open rebellion against God with his metaphysics, as with his daughter Catharine, he failed of course, as nothing but truth, which no philosophy can justify to the unregenerate reason, and which to the unregenerate reason is offensive and hateful to the very last degree, and that as wielded by God's omnipotent Spirit, ever did or ever can humble the proud heart. For the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; it is enmity against God: it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.

The removal of Dr. Beecher to Boston in 1826 was an important event, and the influence of his ministry during the four years of its continuance was deeply felt. We well remember reading with profound admiration at the time, in our youth, in the columns of the *Boston Recorder*, of the sensation which his thunder in the Hanover Street pulpit produced in the ranks of the Unitarians and infidels: how they would gnash their teeth as his fervid oratory was burning into their souls, and vow inwardly never to come there again; and how adroitly he would throw out a bait or a challenge which would be sure to bring them on the following Sabbath. The fruits of his labors were most extensive and various. People of all sects flocked to hear him. He drew the lines distinctly and strongly between the believers and the unbelievers, assaulted with all his might formalism and scepticism in every shape, waked up the slumbering churches, organized the young men for active exertion in new and important directions, and communicated something of his own warmth and energy to all the existing Christian forces. Extensive revivals followed, and multitudes were gathered into the fold of Christ, including not a few who are still honored and beloved for their faith and zeal in the church of God. New Christian enterprises were originated, while those already existing displayed a power unknown before, Orthodox churches were multiplied in Boston and the vicinity, and all the region round

about rejoiced in the manifest blessing of God on the manifold toils of Lyman Beecher.

At the time of Mr. Beecher's coming to Boston, the Unitarian party was at the point of its highest power. And it had every advantage for the continuance and enlargement of its sway, with such champions as "Channing, in the noonday of his renown, Pierpont, with his air of undaunted frankness, and Dewey, with that eloquence which could invest with 'a glory and a glow,' sentiments the most earthly and frivolous"; with all the forces of Harvard fully and undisguisedly committed to its advocacy, and "the decision of Chief Justice Parker, annihilating at a blow the legal tenure of the Puritan churches," II., 55, 53. It was at this time that the Spirit of the Lord lifted up a standard against this mighty power, and that very largely through the preaching of Lyman Beecher. Numerically and socially the loss to Unitarianism was very great, while in both these respects the Orthodox were gainers in an equal degree. It may have been true, as asserted by the *Christian Examiner*, No. CCLI., p. 191, that the loss to the ranks of the Unitarians consisted mainly in the return to their own fold of "persons whom he drew to him from a more or less nominal or apparent connection with and membership of so called Unitarian Societies." If the *Examiner* can derive any consolation from this view of the matter, it is more, we imagine, than the antagonists of the faith of the fathers in that day were able to do, when they saw a multitude of young and enterprising men in Boston, whom they had designated and marked, and counted as proselytes to liberal views thus wrested from their influence; and especially when they saw, as the *Examiner* admits in the same paragraph, that "out of these 'converts,' too, he made some of his most earnest and efficient co-laborers." And suppose it to be true, as this reviewer in the *Examiner* goes on to say, that none of these converts "were [had been] Unitarians, in the full, thorough, intelligent meaning of the term"; and moreover, as he believes, that no "single person, man or woman, who had grasped and held the substantial matter of the Unitarian system, who was rooted and grounded in its scriptural and philosophical expositions, has renounced it for the sake of accepting the Calvinistic system";

what does that prove? We will not say what it proves, but will simply take leave to remind this reviewer, that the "Unitarian system" is a point which not a few have passed in their course from the "Calvinistic system" to the dreary, frozen regions of infidelity and paganism. Was the course upward from the "Calvinistic system" to the "Unitarian system," and downward thereafter; or was it upward all the way? And what, precisely, does the "Unitarian system" mean? What are its metes and bounds? if it has any; or what its limitations of belief or unbelief? We wait for an answer, having been somewhat puzzled to see that the men who have reached this ultimate point, so far from being excluded by the Unitarians, are admired as intellectual giants, and receive homage, as prophets and demi-gods; having observed that a leading star among the Unitarians and in their recent National Convention, stands up to apologize for such men in addressing the graduating class at the Cambridge Divinity School; instructing these young propagandists of the "Unitarian system" that no measure of avowed irreverence for the great Founder of Christianity can constitute a disqualification for their fellowship and coöperation. *Christian Examiner*, No. CCLI., 215.

It is a fact in the same direction, that a writer in the last *Atlantic Monthly*, in a critical notice of Thoreau, warmly praises him for his unmitigated paganism, and ranks him, in the very act of praising him, with Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. Will these gentlemen, who affect to be the *savans* in literature and science, the monopolists of the religious illumination of the age, and the educators of the rising generation, tell us what they mean by Christianity; what particular benefits in their view, it has conferred upon the world; or how far beyond Marcus Aurelius and Mr. Thoreau an infidel may go, if farther be possible this side of stark atheism, and still be hailed as a master of thought, and an oracle of spiritual wisdom?

The progress which Unitarianism has made since the days of Channing may be seen from a report of the "Massachusetts Evangelical Society," which was Unitarian, published in the first volume of the *Christian Examiner*. The Memoir quotes largely from that report. The following is an extract:

"The prevalence of the modern sect of Universalists, who deny the doctrine of a future retribution, and who do not consider a pious and holy life essential to happiness hereafter, is particularly alarming and calls for the special notice of all serious Christians. We think this system to be most injurious to the interests of good morals, and to the welfare of civil society, as well as fatally dangerous to the souls of men, and we believe it directly contrary to the plainest declarations of the holy Gospel."

The document had the signatures of such men as Bancroft, Thayer, Foster, Lowell, Pierce, Kendall, Parkman, Ripley, and Ware; all Unitarian clergymen. Is there any principle of the "Unitarian system" which can fix a landmark and barrier any where between Augustine and Theodore Parker? Or is it a fundamental principle of the "system" that no man may presume to establish any such barrier?

It can never be too much deplored that the brilliant powers of Lyman Beecher should have been employed in unsettling the theology of the fathers. This is no libel. He meant to do it, and openly and undisguisedly allied himself with Taylor in this matter, and gloried in it, and attributed his success in the ministry very largely to this peculiarity in his theology. He was one of the founders of "Broad church," and the father of all his children. His professed dissent from Taylor in some things was hardly more than a proud spirit asserting its own independence. Dr. Taylor attacked with all his might Edwards' theory of the will, the secret of the dislike being the harmony of that masterly and still unanswered treatise with the old theology. So weaker minds have, for the self-same reason, made their puny assaults on that impregnable fortress ever since.

We do not forget that Lyman Beecher was very prominent among the good men who established and sustained through the seven years of its vigorous existence, the *Spirit of the Pilgrims*, and that the one object of that magazine was to maintain the Orthodox faith, and to guard the rights of the Orthodox churches against Unitarian encroachment. All this it did: but it did another thing which was not contemplated by its originators. It demonstrated clearly the fact that broad and irreconcilable differences in theology separated Lyman Beecher from his warm friends and coadjutors, Nettleton and Woods and Porter. The

demonstration caused exceeding pain on both sides, and Beecher would gladly have excluded from the pages of the magazine the controversy between the champions of the two theologies, Taylor and Tyler. We see no reason to regret that discussion. It did not make the differences; it did not increase them, by a single hair's breadth. If they existed, why seek to cover them up? How very unwilling Dr. Beecher and his friends were to admit any real difference of views, all who lived at the time will remember. How hard and how sincerely they tried to persuade themselves and each other that it was merely a matter of philosophy and of modes of expression. Never before or since has there been so good an opportunity to work out that conclusion, if it had been true. They had labored long and earnestly together in the cause of the Bible, and the Sabbath, and Temperance, and Missions, and Revivals. They dearly loved each other; Dr. Beecher wielded a mighty power, and had an unbounded popularity. No wonder that his friends were so anxious to retain him. He was withal so genial a man, so overflowing in his sympathies, so warm and steadfast and generous as a friend, and so enthusiastic and efficient in all questions of moral reform, that every body hated to differ with him.

It would not do. There were differences far more, infinitely more, than in forms of expression; differences in substance of doctrine, which could not be reconciled, can not be reconciled. They were the same then that they are to-day, as between the advocates of the old theology and the new. These differences relate to Divine sovereignty, original sin, the atonement, ability and imputation. They were a full justification of the establishment of the theological seminary at East Windsor, an event which Dr. Beecher so earnestly deplored, in common with Dr. Taylor. All the reasons which existed for the founding of that seminary have acquired augmented force since. Most sincerely do we rejoice that it has been removed to Hartford, where its foundations are to be enlarged, and all its methods of instruction adjusted with particular reference to the urgent demand for men directly trained for their appropriate work; not scholars and dialecticians merely, but preachers, in the full, grand sense of the term: not elegant essayists, nor theological declaimers according to a school; but simple, earnest, fearless expounders of the

Bible. It is the special prerogative of the churches always, to see to it that such a ministry be provided. To the warm sympathy and generous support of the churches of New England therefore the theological seminary at Hartford makes its appeal. We regard that enterprise, in its present form, as one of the first magnitude; and we have not the smallest wish for its success any farther than it shall answer the particular expectations of the friends who are contributing so liberally to its foundations.

The removal of Dr. Beecher to Cincinnati in 1832 was, on the whole, a failure. All who lived at the time will remember how big the enterprise looked, and how high were the expectations excited. It was no fault of his that those expectations were not realized. The pulpit was the tower of Lyman Beecher's strength. God made him for a preacher, not for a theological professor. Moreover he was fifty seven years old, and there is always much hazard in a man's changing his profession after he has reached fifty. The probability is that he will fail; and the greater his success in the profession to which his past life has been devoted, the greater will appear his failure; since neither the community nor himself will be satisfied unless he comes fully up in his new career to all he has achieved in that from which he has turned aside; and the man of Lyman Beecher's reputation as a preacher who could do that, or make the world believe that he had done it, must be a marvel indeed. It may be doubted, moreover, whether the work marked out for him by the projectors of that enterprise, was a work within the limits of human possibility in a single generation. A college or seminary can not be built as you build a house. It grows, like a tree, and the growth requires a long time. Hence one man can not make a great seminary, any more than a great oak tree can grow in one year or in ten.

To have taken "the most prominent, popular and powerful preacher in our nation" and transferred him at once from his daily contact and conflict with the seething masses of living souls in the intellectual focus of the nation to a professor's chair in a seminary having actually no existence, save in funds and buildings and most extravagant expectations; and to have required him to found "a great central theological institution of the first character"; "soon to become the great Andover or Princeton of the

West, and to give character to hundreds and thousands of ministers which may issue from it"; is proof that the leading men of the day were magnificent dreamers; for we are told that "there was but one deep and all-absorbing feeling among them respecting our great undertaking." II., 241. The Doctor entered into it with all the fervor of his unbounded enthusiasm, and said afterward: "It was the greatest thought that ever entered my soul; it filled it and displaced everything else." II., 246.

His mind was not finally made up, however, without a long and painful conflict by which his health was impaired. Such men as Evarts, Wisner, Greene and Cornelius, used all their influence to retain him in Boston. Dr. Taylor was most anxious to secure both him and the funds subscribed to the new seminary for New Haven. Two years passed away from the time of the first application before his decision was reached. In the mean time the little cloud arose which continued to increase, and subsequently burst upon him in that theological storm of his trial for heresy in 1836. It was beginning to be said, both East and West, that he was not sound in the faith, according to the Presbyterian standards. This probably had no little influence in his decision, as Lyman Beecher was not the man to be terrified by any Presbyterian thunder, when the thunder of God, as we have seen, stimulated him like wine. Besides, he fully believed that that which assailed him was a false philosophy, "the devil" working through "the instrumentality of pious and orthodox ministers of Christ," (II., 299.) to pervert and obstruct the truth, prevent revivals, and dishonor God; and that he was called by the Divine Providence to overthrow this gigantic obstacle, that the glorious Gospel might flow, as the mighty waves of the sea, over the great West. Of the trial and its result he shall himself speak:

"He" [Wilson] "did not know what he undertook. I knew, to a hair's breadth, every point between Old School and New School, and knew all their difficulties, and how to puzzle them with them. In Presbytery he had only inferior men on his side. He knew they were fools. . . . There was not another man equal to Wilson on his side, nor any where near it. On our side the trial was as strong as possible, and everybody exulted with great exultation.

So they laughed at him, even some Old Schoolish folks, and called him a dead man. Presbytery acquitted me, and he appealed to Synod." II., 352—253.

Did he not rightly judge that he had some peculiar adaptation for the legal profession?

That the Lane Seminary of to-day is a quite different thing from all that was pictured in the vaticinations of that early period, is no proof whatever that all reasonable success has not been achieved, or that it may not in time leave both Andover and Princeton in the back ground. We could name more than one man of those trained under Lyman Beecher who is worth to the churches and the country to-day more than all that has been expended on that seminary since its foundation.

Space would fail us if we should attempt to notice one in twenty of the interesting and entertaining incidents interwoven in this piled up and crowded sketch book of all the Beechers; as that Charles had cut his foot, or was getting fat; or Henry had let the cow out of the barn. The two thick volumes remind us of the four wagon-loads of goods which Dr. Beecher took from East Hampton to Litchfield. There was every thing in these wagon-loads, and nothing was left out. The story of the cow is so funny, and withal, so characteristic, that we must insert it. It was at the beautiful family residence on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati. The Doctor had bought a cow, and with no small difficulty had got her into the barn, and the door fastened. The curly-headed boy Henry Ward, already developing into a champion, and thirsting for exploits, found the strange cow in the barn, challenged her right to be there, flung wide open the door and charged furiously with a stick. Not content with this summary ejection, he gave chase, pursued the frightened beast quite away from the premises, and then returned, panting and hot and eloquent, to proclaim to his astonished father the brave thing he had done. And what was it? He had robbed the children of their supper. He has been letting the cow out of the barn ever since.

Lyman Beecher was the best of all his sons, and all his daughters too. He never called Nettleton and Dr. Woods "vinegar-faced evangelicals," nor embraced the popular leaders of Socinianism and infidelity, as "brothers." On the contrary,

he hurled his hot thunderbolts into the very heart of their camp with a will, filling them with both consternation and wrath. Alas, that he should have built any part of the walls of Zion with such untempered mortar, that it should have crumbled away, even before he went to his rest. Alas, that he should have used weapons of warfare which his own children are turning against that for which Lyman Beecher would have laid down his life.

ARTICLE III.

THE POWER OF SELF-FORGETFULNESS.

BY THE REV. A. H. CURRIER, LYNN, MASS.

THERE are some matters of common experience of which the received explanations are not satisfactory. Of these is the disappointment felt in visiting some wonder of nature or art of which we have heard glowing accounts and formed exalted conceptions. The popular and generally received explanation is, that the imagination has previously formed such an exaggerated notion of the object, that when seen it appears common and of but little worth.

This may be true, and may explain in part, but does not account for, the fact that as we linger in the presence of the object, its power gradually dawns upon us by imperceptible advances, until our souls are filled with its glory as the horizon is filled with morning light.

This new discovery indicates that something else beside extravagant expectation causes our disappointment; something that makes the real excellence, which later impresses us, invisible to our eyes at the first. A much more satisfactory solution is found in a very able article in an early number of the *American Theological Review*, from the pen of Prof. Henry B. Smith. Professor Smith ascribes the disappointment of which we have spoken to the self-conscious state we are in at the time we first look upon the object. He thus states the case and gives its explanation :

“However truly the heart may be working, begin to watch it and it ceases to work. Begin to think of your own emotions and,

as a present fact, they are no more. They vanish under your scrutiny. This for the simple reason that your attention is withdrawn from the object that awakened them. We are apt to be most charmed by spectacles that come upon us unawares; not so much from the force of novelty, but because they absorb us."

The principle involved in this explanation is of wide application, throws light upon many curious facts in human experience, and suggests some interesting reflections upon the value of self-forgetfulness as a condition of mental power. Without this, excellence of performance of any kind seems impossible. Wherever the first disappointment is succeeded by an entire appreciation ready to declare that the half had not been told, the change in judgment and feeling arises from the fact that the mind ceases to look inward upon itself. The objects gradually beguile it from its self-contemplation, and fix it by an insensible fascination entirely upon themselves. Then, and not till then, is their full glory discovered. It has shined with an equal radiance all the while, but the averted mind could not be illumined by it.

We here find the secret of the almost magical power possessed by trivial relics and memorials. Two travellers were once wandering among the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, seeking to form some conception of the ancient magnificence of the city, and to realize the exalted emotions with which they had expected to be agitated in the place. But the expected tide of feeling did not flood their souls; they wandered about unmoved amidst the splendid desolation. The historic memories of the place were recalled in vain. They evoked no pleasing illusions of departed grandeur. The old city still remained a lifeless abstraction, and the glowing visions of a re-summoned past, of which other visitors had told, a dream and a fable. But with a sort of listless persistency they continued their explorations, examining hidden nooks and odd recesses, till one who had climbed up with a bold hardihood to the roof of the ruined Parthenon, came suddenly and by a sort of surprise upon a sculptured flower, hidden in a sheltered nook under the overhanging roof, as fresh and perfect as when it sprang up like a thing of life under the chisel of the artist two thousand years before. In this retreat, sheltered from the wearing winds and

rains, it had escaped the ravages of time, the mutilating rage of the barbarian Turk, and the sacrilegious vandalism of travellers and museum collectors little less barbarian, blooming like an immortal lily in the midst of surrounding decay. In an instant the eyes that had been holden were opened, and Athens as she was in the age of Pericles, in all her architectural magnificence, rose before them as if by enchantment—the dead city reviving again like the fabled Phoenix from her ashes.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table once had a similar experience, which he thus narrates in words that give full confirmation to the view advanced.

“Lively emotions very commonly do not strike us full in front, but obliquely from the side. A scene or incident in undress often affects us more than one in full costume. The rush that should have flooded my soul in the Coliseum did not come. But walking one day in the fields about the city, I stumbled over a fragment of broken masonry, and lo! The World’s Mistress, in her stone girdle —“*alta monia Romæ*”—rose before me, and whitened my cheek with her pale shadow, as never before or since.”

In times of bereavement we often seem to ourselves to be too little moved by grief, and feel reproached for the insensibility which will not let us weep, or only reluctant tears. It is because we have measured in thought the violence of the grief that should agitate us, and while we are looking within to discover whether we are moved to the decent degree which the greatness of our loss demands, our thoughts are diverted from the considerations which alone can affect us. But in some unbidden hour, when the mind is free from this subjective mood, the remembrance of our loss, in all its bitterness, creeps upon us unawares and dissolves our hearts in weeping, and the dead do not lack tearful honors. The mother moving about in her household duties, finds a little slipper, much worn it may be—the more precious for that; and anon the idol child, whose little feet shall no more be heard pattering through the house, stands before her, and the long sealed fountain opens anew to flow with an uncontrollable violence. The touching memorial, unexpectedly presented, awakens a memory of grief into which her whole soul is drawn with an intense and entire absorption.

The same principle applies to all our enjoyments, and emo-

tions of pleasure. Whenever this shadow of self peers over our shoulder to observe them, we are troubled and their best relish to us is gone. The only moments of perfect rapture we have are those which we catch when we escape from ourselves; for then only do our minds work with a full energy.

How common is the feeling of disappointment when one hears for the first time any distinguished orator or speaker. Perhaps the experience of men is almost uniform in such cases. What is the reason? Not, as is generally supposed, because too much has been expected of him, but because we give the speaker a divided attention, and do not yield ourselves wholly to his influence. Mindful of the reports which we have previously received of his eloquence, how he sways at will the feelings of his auditors, exciting laughter or tears, fierce indignation or gentle pity, as suits his purpose, we are from the first on the lookout for similar effects upon ourselves. We seek to verify in our own experience all that we have thus heard reported. So we listen with an introverted gaze. We think to observe all the changing phases of feeling; to see it as it first emerges hesitatingly into life, like a timid streamlet from its fountain, and behold it grow and swell till it becomes a torrent. We say to ourselves: "Let us see what there is in this much applauded man. Is report a veracious witness concerning his power? Is he really such a master of the human heart that he can make it play any tune he pleases, whether sad or gay, soft or loud? If so, let him touch us as he touches others." Thus half of our attention is given to him and half to ourselves; or we alternately turn to him and to ourselves, and at each turn the weaving spell is broken.

To feel his power, we should yield ourselves up to him and become absorbed in his speech, with no distracting thoughts about its effect. Let its effect be considered afterwards, if you will, but now there is no time for such reflection. The heart will not act under the eye of the mind. Its emotions are shy of inspection, and however warm their play or high their frolic, if curiously looked in upon, they as quickly retire to their cells as the fabled fairies vanished when surprised at their moonlit revels. Unless, therefore, this subjective alertness can be laid asleep we give the orator no fair chance.

What has here been said of orators and preachers holds equally well of celebrated singers. We venture to say that when Jenny Lind came to this country and gave her first concert, many who then heard her were not so delighted with her first performances as with those that came after. They were incapable of it by reason of their self-consciousness. We remember reading a newspaper account, two or three years ago, of a distinguished singer's debut in Boston. It declared her first reception to be rather cold. Her finest strains received only a feeble applause. But as the evening advanced, the feelings of the audience gradually thawed, and toward its close the enthusiasm was rapturous. Now it was with no intentional reserve, assumed for the purpose of showing themselves superior to the people of other cities, that her audience received the fair performer with such coldness. Neither was it because she failed to meet their expectations; the hearty applause awarded her at last disproves this supposition. Nor, again, was it probably due to her having sung inferior pieces at the first, though it may be a rule to withhold the best until the last. The result would no doubt have been the same had the order of the programme been reversed. The true explanation lay hid in the principle we are considering. The audience did not listen directly to the first piece, but to its echo in themselves. They were not so attentive to the singing as to the effect of the singing and the question whether the delight it produced was worthy of the singer's antecedent fame. Their admiration was not awakened, till they gave an undivided attention to what alone could awaken it. As soon as they did this, whether from weariness at the double attention, or because beguiled into forgetfulness by the charm of her singing, then they recognized her eminence and were ready to confirm her reputation.

There is another mystery of experience, to which this fact of self-consciousness furnishes the clew. It is, the reason why formal preparation to entertain, and elaborate efforts to please, generally prove a failure. These things set us to self-examination, which is opposed to a condition of just appreciation. As arguments avowedly entered upon to change one's opinions arouse a spirit of opposition which will not be convinced, so these undisguised endeavors to please produce a self-conscious-

ness which, while it lasts, removes the capacity of enjoyment. Hence such impromptu occasions of delight as come upon us without flourish of announcement, move us most gratefully. Says Herbert Spencer :

“ Who that has lived thirty years in the world has not discovered that pleasure is coy, and must not be too directly pursued, but must be caught unawares? An air from a street piano, heard while at work, will often gratify more than the choicest music played at a concert by the most accomplished musicians. A single good picture seen in a dealer's window may give keener enjoyment than a whole exhibition gone through with catalogue and pencil. By the time we have got ready our elaborate apparatus by which to secure happiness, the happiness is gone. It is too subtle to be contained in these receivers, garnished with compliments and fenced round with etiquette.”

We have thus far considered self-consciousness, or self-watchfulness, as it is seen to affect injuriously the mind when held in a comparatively passive state. It is quite as annoying when the mind would exert itself more actively.

No truth is more familiar to us than that the advantage we obtain from reading is proportionate to the attention with which we read. Perfect attention is entire absorption. This can not exist, it is evident, without a total self-oblivion ; it is the experience of most of us that no cause of distraction is more troublesome than its opposite. If, for example, while reading a book, we never forget the advantage or pleasure promised by it, we are sure to miss the greatest good of it. Mrs. Browning well states the case :

“ We get no good

By being ungenerous even to a book
And calculating profits, so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, in a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty or salt of truth,
’Tis then we get the right good from a book.”

As in reading, so with speaking or preaching. It is not always entirely the fault of the hearers that the first moments of a distinguished speaker's discourse produce in them a feeling of disappointment. It may be partially the fault of the speaker

himself. Yet there is the same general cause. He is troubled with self-consciousness as well as his auditors, which makes him appear constrained and unnatural. Perhaps he is naturally diffident, and the presence of the audience embarrasses him. Instead of thinking only of what he is to say, he is thinking also of the appearance he makes, and whether he is likely to maintain his reputation. He would be speaker and auditor too, and tries to hear and judge of the merits of his own discourse, while he is making it. As long as he continues such vain endeavors, he can not be otherwise than frigid and mechanical. But as his thoughts are gradually withdrawn from self to become engaged with his theme, and this entrances him more and more, he warms to his work and grows eloquent. The writer once knew of a certain preacher who at times would display an extraordinary power of eloquence. Ordinarily he was one of the most awkward and ungainly of men, preaching generally with a hand in his trowsers' pocket and his eyes bashfully fixed upon his manuscript. But when excited to a certain pitch of feeling where he ceased to think of self, he would take on a surprising grace of action and grandeur of appearance. An excessive diffidence or a morbid self-consciousness usually bound him as with invisible cords which cramped and restrained his action. Self-forgetfulness, whenever the interest of his discourse was such as to beguile him into it, alone gave him liberty. Then the fetters of reserve were burst asunder and he dilated into the majesty of an ancient god. His astonished flock could scarcely believe it was their pastor who addressed them in such a grandly eloquent strain, so great was the transformation in him. But if these sudden revelations of a chained and repressed majesty were amazing, it was like seeing an Apollo turned into a satyr when he relapsed into his habitual awkwardness; and the sad query perplexed those who discerned his worth, how such a genius could be so enslaved.

The effect of this state of mind is the same upon literary composition. We find it unfavorable as elsewhere. Self-forgetfulness is necessary to perfect performance. We find abundant illustration of this in the history of every literature. The great master-pieces of a nation are the products of its childhood, when it expresses itself with a natural grace and an unaf-

fect simplicity, according to its own free, unchecked impulses. After a while the national mind, like that of an individual growing out of childhood, becomes as it were hobbledehoy. Then it is self-conscious and affected, and all that it does is stiff and mechanical. If any hearty, genuine utterance is ever made, it is when some all-absorbing topic has been suddenly presented, or when the watchful spirit is beguiled of its vigilance by the soothing, silently wrought charm of genius and nature.

Metaphysics is a later growth than poetry, and both can not flourish in highest excellence in the same period. Criticism as a distinct department of literature does not begin to exist until the age of highest inspired production has closed. Here as elsewhere, the critical faculties must sleep while the mind is at its work; else, seeking to supervise its operations, they only paralyze its action, or render it constrained and unnatural. Macaulay says of Shakespeare, that he

"Falls into affectation whenever he means to be particularly fine. While he abandons himself to the impulse of his imagination, his compositions are not only the sweetest and the most sublime, but also the most faultless that the world has ever seen. All that is bad in his works is bad elaborately and of malice aforethought. The only thing wanting to make them perfect was, that he should never have troubled himself with thinking whether they were good or not."

His genius, like the mirror of the fairy lady of Shallot, reflected in perfect truth and with something of a superadded grace all the phases of human life and the beautiful form of the natural world, as they came into its crystal field. While he wove steadily and had no other care, he wrought a magic web; but when he turned back the curse fell upon him.

"Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side."

It is said, as illustrative of the morbid self-consciousness under which Thomas Campbell wrote, that

"Whenever Campbell the poet sat down to compose, Campbell the critic sat down on the other side the table to criticise and condemn. The result was such as might have been expected. Though perfect in finish, the most of his poetry is almost wholly destitute of animating freshness of spirit — polished, but tame and discovering

traces of the curb. Like the chagrined lover's spleenful portrait of the face of Maud, it might be characterized as

'Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more.' "

The truest and best poetry is not written in this way. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are born and wedded in moments of deep fervor. They can come only when the mind is wrought up to a fiery pitch of feeling; only during the white heat of passion. One might as well expect to scatter a shower of sparks from iron plunged in water, as burning thoughts in glowing words while in the chilling mood and process of criticism.

" No smooth array of phrase,
Artfully sought and ordered though it be,
Which the cold rhymers lays,
Upon his page with languid industry,
Can wake the listless pulse to liveliest speed,
Or fill with sudden tears the eyes that read."

This is our own Bryant's judgment of that style of composition. In another stanza he lays down the truer method :

" The secret wouldst thou know
To touch the heart or fire the blood at will !
Let thine own eyes o'erflow ;
Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill ;
Seize the great thought, ere yet its power be past,
And bind, in words, the fleet emotion fast."

There is one other matter which we would have considered by the light of this principle, before leaving it. It is a certain difficulty of religious experience, which often troubles with distressing doubts, and holds in spiritual gloom, many really good and sincere Christians. The difficulty alluded to concerns the subject of religious enjoyment. A person from reading the biographies of pious people and from hearing their recitals of Christian experience, comes to regard certain joyous feelings as the unfailing and necessary signs of spiritual renewal. At that mysterious touch of God whereby the soul is regenerated, they are presumed to gush out and fill the heart to overflowing, as an opened fountain fills its basin. Looking upon them thus as certain evidences of true conversion, the man, as soon as he has resolved to become a follower of Christ, is anxious to realize in

himself these feelings of joy and peace. So he fixes his gaze inward to see if he can discover there anything identical with them. But he finds nothing to correspond, and is therefore plunged in distress. He thinks that God, who is gracious to all, turns away from him; fears lest he has committed the unpardonable sin; that, therefore, though now he would inherit the promised blessing, he is rejected; and there is no place for repentance, though he seeks it carefully with tears.

Now what is the reason of this absence of joy and consequent despondency? Most frequently simply this. The man will not allow himself to experience it, through his persistent introspection. His attention is withdrawn from the things which would produce it; that is, the thoughts of God's love, his unfailing promises and the glory of the atonement, and is turned within to look for emotions that will not come forth to meet such inspection.

If a genuine emotion should begin to flow it would be frozen stiff and still by this effort to examine it. Let the man turn away from himself and lift up his eyes to the cross of Christ, behold the glory and sufficiency of the atonement, and confide in the declaration that whosoever will may come and take the water of life freely; finally, let him put his hands to the work which God gives him to do, regardless whether the looked for joy be given at once or not, and he shall not long be without it. Nay, it shall come even as he ceases to look for it, as Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene, when she turned away from the sepulchre where she had vainly sought him, and wept that she could not find him.

Our subject explains how vanity and ambition are often self-foiled, and prevent the attainment of that which excites them. Excessive solicitude for the esteem and admiration of men induces a habitual state of self-consciousness incompatible with the excellences which alone can win them. Then affectation in its various forms is likely to arise. The mind, while thus reflecting upon itself, being incapable of any genuine, natural working, seeks to gratify its vanity by artificial and counterfeit products which, however well executed, bear but a sorry resemblance to its spontaneous growths. He who thinks to be eloquent is prevented by his conceit from being so, and only ut-

ters bombast. Affected pathos moves to disgust rather than to tears. Even in the matter of bodily motion, one can not do well what he does self-consciously. The man who aims to walk with a graceful carriage will strut, and the woman, mince.

Observe the contrast exhibited in this particular, between the movements of artless childhood and those of self-conscious boyhood or manhood. How charming are all the attitudes of a child, how graceful every motion, because it moves about in self-forgetfulness, as nature impels, intent only upon its objects, and never troubling itself about appearances.

In literary labors, he only possesses genuine power, who, regardless of applause, can sit in the circle of his own thoughts, and preserve the spell under which he weaves them into beautiful combinations from being dissolved by the voice of flattery.

A child-like nature is as necessary to the highest intellectual attainment as to a right entrance upon the Christian life. The simple earnestness with which it is absorbed in the objects that fill its vision, is the only atmosphere in which the best things are possible. Into such a soul all nature pours her wealth, unobstructed by barriers of self-criticism.

Greatness of mind through all time has been characterized by this simplicity and directness of habit, and has worn it as its most appropriate and graceful adornment. And in truth, what a dignity, above all reach of affectation, is there in a simple, artless character whose traits hang as naturally upon it as blossoms upon a fruit tree, and as much excel all affectation as a genuine product of nature excels any insipid imitation of it. The one has the lustre and fragrance of a divine creation; the other the tawdry color and bungling finish of a human manufacture.

A man acts and lives most gloriously when unconscious of it, as those in states of somnambulism often discover powers unknown to them when awake. Happy is he who can entrance himself in his work. Using the words of another with some slight accommodation, we say that such

“A man’s life may possess all the majesty which the imagination pictures in archangels and in God. . . . He who rests utterly in his action shall belittle . . . whatsoever mankind has dreamed or fabled of grace or greatness. He shall not peer about with curi-

osity to spy approbation, or with zeal to defy censure; he shall not know if there be a spectator in the world; his most public deed shall be done in a divine privacy on which no eye intrudes; . . . his deed when done falls from him like autumn apples from their boughs; neither the captive of yesterday nor the propitiator of tomorrow, he abides simply, majestically like a god, in being and doing."

The classic mythology tells the story of Metanira, how she robbed her infant son of immortality, by watching its divine nurse as she secretly performed the rites that would make her child a god. So men may debar the offspring of their brain, if not of immortality, yet of great excellence, by a too eager self-inspection. If nature would act unobserved, if she asks a veil of secrecy for her processes, it is folly to spoil all, and deprive ourselves of what she would do for us, by insisting on watching her methods. If it is a fact that we see better, hear better, write better, speak better, and do better every way, when we are not thinking of how we are doing, but are absorbed in whatever occupies us, it is surely well worth the while to leave out of mind all such troublesome thinking. Self-forgetfulness, in the obvious sense which our theme suggests, is like bodily health, the condition of the highest enjoyment and efficiency.

ARTICLE IV.

SHEDD'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

BY THE REV. J. T. M'COLLOM, MEDFORD, MASS.

A History of Christian Doctrine. By WM. G. T. SHEDD, D.D.
In Two Volumes. New York: C. Scribner & Co. 1864.

WE do not propose, in this review, to furnish anything like an adequate criticism of this great work. To weigh and test all its principles, to pronounce upon all its statements as trustworthy or otherwise, we should regard as unendurable presumption in ourselves. All therefore we shall attempt to do, is to give our impressions of the work after a somewhat careful perusal of it.

The first impression we received from this book was, that it is a very interesting and fascinating work. The style of Professor Shedd is always simple, direct, clear and vivid. He is a perfect master of sentences, and speaks right out the thing which is in him in such a way that none can fail to understand him and to enjoy his mode of presenting his thoughts. He does not, like many scientific writers, reject all ornament. He makes abundant use of tropes, figures, analogies and illustrations, when they will help express his meaning. He does not even refuse the aid of imagination when it will assist him to give a more clear and vivid picture of the idea he has in mind. These good things, however, he always uses sparingly and appropriately. He does not go out of his way to gather flowers. He takes just what lie in his path that are fit for his purpose, and makes the best use of them. There is nothing strange or fantastical in his imagery. He never loads his style with useless figures of speech. His book never presents the sad spectacle of a feeble idea struggling under a weary burden of ornament, or a good thought covered up and buried under a multitude of pretty illustrations. All is simple, natural, easy. You feel, in reading him, very much as the Scotch woman did in reading Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*: "I do not see how he could have written it any other way." We are the more pleased with this style of Professor Shedd because it demonstrates the fact that a scientific work need not be dull, and even ecclesiastical history may be so written that it will not be very hard reading. It is, we think, here satisfactorily proved that dullness is not essential to depth, nor dryness necessary to truth.

Another impression we received from the study of this work was, that the historical is the very best method of teaching theology. It is no very new idea to be sure. More than twenty five years ago, when we first met with Knapp's *Theology*, we were fully convinced that the best, if not the only true method of getting at the real meaning of doctrines, was through the history of them. But as we saw how admirably the nice shades of meaning in the language of various doctrines, and the limitations and explanations of them were brought out in this work, we were, if possible, more than ever persuaded that the safest and surest way to teach theology is to teach it historically,

though not to the exclusion of other supplementary methods. Professor Shedd has here done for theology very much the same thing that the historico-logical lexicographers have done for philology. We all remember, at least those of us who are old enough to have been obliged to use the old dictionaries, what an advance there was in philology in passing from the earlier to the modern lexicons, from Young and Ainsworth to Leverett and Andrews, from Schrevelius and Pickering and Donnegan to Liddel and Scott and Robinson. In the old lexicons the definitions were thrown in pell mell, and you were very fortunate if you got any idea of the original meaning of the word. For awhile, at least until one was able to philosophize for himself, the study of language was almost entirely a matter of memory. In the later lexicons you have the original root-meaning of the word, and the history of it through all its changes, modifications and shadings of signification. A word thus understood is a possession for life, and the study of the ancient languages is not only vastly easier but also much more thorough, by means of these helps. In like manner our author helps us to understand doctrines, through the history of them, that otherwise would seem nearly unintelligible. Take, for example, the doctrine of eternal generation. It has not been very uncommon to ridicule this doctrine as a perfect absurdity, a contradiction in terms. We think it is not half a dozen years since the proposition to have it discussed in an essay by some member of one of our Associations, was received with something very like a sneer. If however you take this doctrine from its earliest statement in the Christian fathers, and follow it through its various explanations, limitations, its apologies and defences, you will find it at length to mean the relationship of Father and Son which existed from eternity; or in other words an eternal relationship of paternity and filiation. God was always Father; Christ was always Son; and both are of the same essence, the one not inferior to the other, though they stand in different relations to each other. This seems plain and simple enough so far as the facts are concerned: the mode of this relationship is of course a mystery beyond our comprehension altogether. This view of the doctrine seems but to explain what is said in Scripture about the only begotten, first begotten and the like. So with the

doctrine of traducianism. Historically considered it seems much more intelligible and reasonable than when dogmatically stated, though we confess we are not able fully to understand it yet, or to receive it as an explanation of sin in the race. We are rather inclined to the opinions of Augustine and Calvin; the former of whom says that if one goes to the Scriptures for a decisive settlement of the question at issue between creationism and traducianism, he does not obtain it; and the latter says the decision of the question is unimportant.

Another impression we received from the study of these volumes was, that the author is eminently candid and fair in his statements of the doctrines of various sects and parties coming under review. There seems to be no covering up of the arguments of those who differ from him, no mutilating or distorting of their opinions. He usually lets them speak for themselves; cites their very words, and enough of the context generally to give the reader an opportunity of judging of the meaning they themselves put upon their language. We say this seems to be the case, and that is all that we can say about the ancient Greek and Latin fathers. We are not sufficiently acquainted with them to pronounce absolutely on the fairness of the quotations from them. But the appearance of candor is very manifest, and we think any honest-minded reader will feel that in following Professor Shedd he is under safe guidance. In relation to the later developments of theological opinions, those, for example, which appeared at and subsequent to the Reformation, we may without presumption speak more positively. Here we know that pre-eminent fairness characterizes the statements of our author. He brings out not only the great doctrines of the Reformation, as they are called, very clearly, but he also shows us the objections to them and the various phases of opposition, with equal clearness. Take, for instance, the doctrines of Socinus in relation to the atonement, as stated on pages 379—386 of Vol. II. Nowhere within the same compass have we seen so clear, strong and impressive a statement of these doctrines as is given in these few pages. And it is certainly fair to infer that, if in these instances in which we have the means of judging, our author is preëminently candid and honest, he will be likely to be so in those about which we have less knowledge.

But it is just here that the greatest complaint has been made against this work. Professor Shedd, some of his critics tell us, is a man of clear insight, of strong convictions, of definite ideas, and his theology is bold and positive. Hence he is not fitted for an impartial historian. He allows his own peculiar notions to warp his judgment. He is incapable of dealing fairly with those who differ from him, he holds his own opinions so firmly, and is so clear, bold and strong in his statements of them. Now we really do not see the force of these objections. Is clearness of conception necessarily inconsistent with honesty? Does the fact that a man holds his opinions firmly and states them boldly, unfit him to examine carefully and bring out clearly the opinions and arguments of one who takes a different view of the subject from himself? Must one be an unfair, wily partisan because he is definite and decided in his views and opinions? Because he differs from another must he therefore have a quarrel with him and treat him unfairly, if not shabbily? This certainly is not a very complimentary view of human nature; nor is it a true view. Indifference, surely, is not the best possible preparation for the search after truth. It may help a man coldly to analyze, and heartlessly dissect opinions that have no human interest to him, but it will not aid him essentially to explore the wide field of Christian doctrine, and clearly and boldly set forth the truth. Neither is the timid, shrinking, half-way believer likely to be a very safe and reliable guide in our investigations. The one does not care enough about the genuine gold of truth to mine for it or to use it when discovered; the other is afraid of it lest it should unsettle what opinions and doctrines he now partially and timidly holds. But the bold, strong thinker, who holds his opinions with a firm grasp, is not afraid to state what some may regard the objectionable points of his own views, for he does not regard them as objectionable. He takes the doctrines with all their consequences, and, without flinching or hesitancy, brings them out and lets them stand before us in bold relief. Neither does he fear the arguments or objections of opponents. He has examined them and knows how much weight they have, and he is not only willing but glad to bring them out and set them beside

his own peculiar views, for he thinks error loses and truth gains by being set in contrast.

Besides, in such a man there is likely to be a love of truth higher, nobler and stronger by far than any partiality or prejudice that may have crept into his mind to warp his judgment. Under the influence of this love, which often becomes a perfect passion with him, he is led into labors, investigations, explorations that result in discoveries which gladden his heart, not because he has found arguments to prop up a sinking cause, but great truths that explain paradoxes and clear up difficulties and show how strong minds have been working in the past on the great problems of Christian doctrine. Such a man, it seems to us, is Professor Shedd, and we feel peculiarly safe in following him through the interesting field of doctrinal history. It is sometimes a difficult pilgrimage, but we always prefer, in such cases, the leadership of a Mr. Great Heart, or a Mr. Valiant, to that of a Mr. Fearing, or of a Mr. Ready-to-halt, or especially of a Mr. Faithless.

Another impression which the perusal of this work made upon us was, the great value of the doctrinal statements in the old symbols of the church. These statements are not the peculiar notions of individuals, or the expression of the idiosyncrasies of any one age of the church. On the contrary they are the growth of ages—the blossoming out of the truth, or rather the ripe fruit of the best thought of the best minds for many generations. To borrow the language of our author in his preface: "Let any one trace the course of thinking of the theological mind upon the doctrine of the Trinity, for example, and perceive how link follows link by necessary consequence; how the objections of the heretic or the latitudinarian only elicit a more exhaustive, and at the same time more guarded statement, which carries the church still nearer to the substance of revelation and the heart of the mystery; how, in short, the trinitarian dogma like the Christian life itself, as described by the apostle, 'being fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, maketh increase unto the edifying of itself' into a grand architectural structure; let this process from beginning to end pass before a thinking and logical mind, and it will be difficult for it to resist the conviction that here is science,

here is self-consistent and absolute truth." The same is true of the other fundamental doctrines of Christianity, viz., sin — its nature and effect on the race, redemption, justification, and the like. And to us it seems "difficult to resist the conviction" that he who tampers with these old forms of expression, and lightly changes the statements of truth that have been the slow growth of ages, and the result of patient, earnest thought in the best minds for generations, is attempting that which is both unwise and dangerous. Surely, to disturb these corner-stones of the temple of truth must weaken, if it does not endanger the whole structure. And what good can it accomplish? Is it likely that in this superficial, sensuous age we shall improve the phraseology that has grown with the church, and incorporated itself into the very spiritual being of multitudes of Christians? For ourselves, having drank of this old wine, we do not desire new, for to our taste "the old is better." We are glad that the late National Council of Congregationalists seemed to feel very much as we do in this respect, and with such unanimity and heartiness endorsed the old Confessions of Westminster and Savoy. It is a very hopeful sign of the times, and gives us no little confidence in reference to the future of our churches and of our nation.

A few words upon the method of our author. As the conception of the work seems to have been original with Professor Shedd, he of course had no model on which he could shape his treatise. The method of treatment therefore must, of necessity, be an experiment. And fortunately for us the experiment has proved a very successful one. It is, in the words of the author, briefly this: "To investigate each of the principal subjects of dogmatic history by itself, starting from the first beginnings of scientific reflection upon it, and going down to the latest and most complete forms of statement." The advantages of this method are obviously many and great. It is strictly philosophical. It takes one subject and follows it out according to the laws of development. It starts with the germ, and traces its growth until it reaches the ripe fruit. This is the natural method, the true method, perfectly in accordance with the "*philosophia prima*" about which the old writers talk so much. This method secures continuity of thought. You begin and follow

out the same stream until you reach its mouth. The mind is not confused and distracted by the vain effort to grasp and hold half a dozen different lines of thought at the same time. Dr. Porter, in his Homiletics, advises his students to avoid antithetic topics carried along in pairs. It reminds him, he says, of a laborer attempting to manage two wheelbarrows, but compelled to roll one a short distance, and then go back after the other. But the man who would carry along, *pari passu*, the history of the great doctrines of Christianity would have not two, but a dozen or so of wheelbarrows to manage, and much of his time and labor would be spent in running from one to the other, and the result would be a most vague and confused notion of dogmatic history. The mere loss of time required in bringing up the different trains of thought, and giving one the means of resuming the thread of the narrative is no small item; and, when all is done, it is impossible to get a clear, definite idea of any one doctrine unbroken and unconfused by other doctrines. The method of our author saves all this trouble and confusion, and as a consequence he generally leaves with his reader a clear, well defined notion of the subject in hand. One might therefore well characterize the method of this work as simple, clear, straight-forward, natural, philosophical and impressive. And of the work as a whole we would say; it is a monument to the author's genius, learning and industry which the world will not willingly suffer to perish.

ARTICLE V.

REMINISCENCES OF LIFE AMONG THE ZULU-KAFIRS.

BY THE REV. LOUIS GROUT, FEEDING HILLS, MASS.

THOSE travellers of by-gone days who were wont to picture Africa to us as a realm of burning sand, her rivers all dry, her birds all silent, her men and her monkeys all of a kith and a kin, could never have seen Natal and her borders, else they had made at least one exception. No doubt they saw many barren plains, empty channels, quiet birds, and here and there an old, gray monkey, looking somewhat like man, and withal as near akin

to the white as to the black ; but such is not all Africa. Such is not the realm of Natal and Zululand, to whose luxuriant fields, ever-living streams, and most diversified natural and civil history our thoughts now revert.

Passing around the stormy cape, the Cabo Tormentoso of Diaz, the Cabo de Buena Esperanza of John II. of Portugal, who saw in it a prelude to success in his search for a new way to the Indies, a week's good sailing will generally suffice to bring the voyager to a sight of the beautiful terraces of Tierra de Natal, the Christmas-land which Vasco de Gama discovered on the 25th of December, 1497. But in the early part of 1847, the writer had the misfortune to find the passage of a thousand miles along the south-eastern coast of Africa not a little prolonged. We left the Cape of Good Hope in what they called "the Rosbud," on the 15th of January, setting our faces eager and resolute to the eastward ; and yet, at the end of four days the only progress we had made was to go a hundred miles to the west. By this time we had come to the conclusion that Diaz spoke from experience, and was in the right in giving the name Cabo Tormentoso to that stormy extreme about which both wind and wave were now tossing us. Finally, after a full month's struggling with opposing winds and deceitful currents, for more than a week reduced to the smallest possible allowance of hard-tack and water, we woke one morning to find ourselves lying off the long desired land, only five miles from port. The country is beautiful—so runs the record of the hour—equal to the finest scenery in the land of our birth. The striking feature is a grand series of table lands or terraces rising one upon the other, some four or five gradations, as they recede from the coast inland a hundred and fifty miles, to the Drahnensberg range, by which Natal and Zululand are skirted on the northwest. At this, the summer season, as it is, and at this distance from the coast, it is easy to fancy that we see extensive fields of grain, large and fruitful orchards, and beautiful groves of oak or maple, though we know that neither oak, nor maple, nor other American trees grow here. The whole country is covered with grass, diversified with here and there a cluster of bushes or a grove of trees, a brook, river, or mountain, so that, from a general glance at this distance, you are

almost ready to believe you are looking upon some of the more highly cultivated districts of New England; only here in this heathen land, you have as yet none of the civilized farm-houses, Christian churches, and villages which dot and adorn that western home of the Puritan race.

Nor does the natural beauty of this African scene fade at all on a nearer approach. Coming to land, and traversing the fields that lie before us, our first feeling is, how home-like. But this idea is soon dispelled. The trees, grass, flowers, are all different from any ever seen, except as exotics in our fatherland. The fields are all open, undulating, prairie-like. As for a forest, at least in the old-fashioned American sense, you find really nothing deserving the name. Here and there a large fig tree, a kind of banyan, here and there a beautiful, thorny mimosa, looking at a little distance like an apple tree, here and there a dense bush, where, in other days, the elephant and buffalo were wont to roam and browse, where even now the leopard and lion have not ceased to make their lair; here and there a fine grove of the laurel, the yew, or other tribe of large trees, serve the double purpose of enriching the landscape and affording a moderate supply of timber and fuel for building and culinary purposes. Most of the trees belong to the evergreen class. The leaves of many are thick and glossy. Through all the season of spring and summer not a few of them are adorned with gay and bright blossoms. This is specially true of the thick jungles along the coast, where many of the evergreens belong to the leguminous tribe, and have large branches of papilionaceous flowers. To this class of glossy-leaved, pod-bearing trees belongs the Kafir boom, as the Dutch call it, a species of *erythrina*, whose branches begin to be literally covered with thick masses of scarlet blossoms ere the winter is more than half gone, and so along till spring, the leaf-buds only opening as the flowers fall away. When these large clusters of beautiful scarlet blossoms are seen impinging upon the rank, green, glossy foliage of the African fig-tree, as, in due time, will always be the case when the latter has "married" the former, we have a combination of floral beauty on a scale of the greatest magnificence.

Whether the fields of Zululand were always so generally

open and prairie-like in appearance, or once all covered with wood, as our fathers found this western world, is more than we can say. Of the earlier ages of this part of Africa we have no record, save what we find in the comparatively dim, yet long-enduring tablets of Nolem. For the present, at least, the inhabitants have an aversion to extensive wood-lands, because of the refuge they afford the wild beast. Hence, every year, late in the fall and winter, when the earth, for months without rain, is parched, and the grass all withered and dry, one patch or district after another is burnt over, and most of the trees and shrubbery, save some of the more hardy kinds, or that which grows in deep ravines, or along the banks of rivers, is consumed. Of course previous care must be taken to burn off the grass in the immediate vicinity of dwellings, gardens, and other things that might be affected by fire, else the sweeping flames will lick these up with the rest. The dry grass once on fire, the line of flame moves on majestically, with power, often with speed, especially if there be wind at the time, sometimes at a rate of four or five miles an hour, till it reaches some well-beaten line of road, or some river, or until it is checked and extinguished by the dew of night. Where the grass is light, and there is little or no wind, the fire may be beaten out by the people, who arm themselves with brooms of green bushes for the purpose. But where the grass is tall, thick, and dry, and the wind brisk, the flames sweep along in the wildest, most furious way, their lambent crest streaming up here and there often four or five yards, rising and swelling with a crackling roar at each most delirious tide of freshening breeze. Now the poor traveller who is unfortunate enough to find the flames running athwart his path, must know how to set a bush-fire, else quicken his pace in flight. Then buffaloes, antelopes, and other quadrupeds are obliged to abandon their secluded retreats, the birds take to their wings, snakes and toads resort to their holes, snails draw up, lie still, and roast, centipedes round themselves into balls, while other smaller reptiles and insects

“Are melted into air, into thin air,

And, like the baseless fabric of a vision”

perish utterly at noon, and “leave not a rack behind.”

In a day or two after the fire has licked up all the old grass, the fresh and new begins to appear, peeping through the burnt stubble, and blending its early tints of green so harmoniously with the darker hues of the charred stems, that the whole surface of the earth seems covered with a velvety carpet of the richest hue. And now the flowers of the field begin to show themselves, hardly less diversified in species than they are rich and varied in size and color, the field, the grove, and the jungle emulous each of the other to yield the finest specimen. Most conspicuous among the flowering plants of the plain are the tribes of the amaryllis, the lily, and the iris. Here we have the aloe, projecting its spike of orange and red flowers above its serrated chevaux-de-frise of leaves, and there the Dutchman's fire-lily, a species of amaryllis, with its gorgeous flame-colored blossoms hanging in clusters round the summit of its otherwise bare peduncle, both equally ambitious to bring in the blooming train. As the season advances the flowers multiply, and now the field, the grove, and the jungle are all adorned and diversified with their floral beauties. Of all the bulbous tribes, the "Natal Lily," or amaryllis belladonna, with the large, white pink-ribbed bells hanging round in all directions from the top of the flower-stalk, is generally considered the finest, deserving as well the rank of queen as the name of "beautiful lady." One species of the gladiolus is much admired on account of its large, beautiful spikes of party-colored orange and yellow blossoms. The flowering grasses, as certain kinds of *ixias* are often called by the Natalians, are out in all their glory about mid-summer, challenging the admiration of every beholder who has aught of an eye for the delicate and beautiful happily combined. The flowers of one species, a series of pink and lavender-hued bells, something like the English hare bell, suspended from long, pendulous, hair-like foot-stalks, on stems from three to six feet high, taking color, form, and wavy movement all into the account, for gay and graceful elegance can rarely have a parallel. Here, too, we find the calla and the cactus, the geranium and pink, all growing in the wildest and easiest way, in the fields of which we speak. But when the country is well-nigh carpeted in many places, through all the spring and summer, with floral beauties like the above,

who can think of exhausting the subject in a paper which only aims at jotting down a few thoughts in respect to the whole district? Nor will space or time allow us to speak of the larger vegetable productions of the colony; the bamboo, the sugar-cane, the cotton plant, maize, banana, pine-apple, and other plants, indigenous or exotic, that grow so easily and abundantly in that semi-tropical region.

But let us pass to look beneath the floral surface, that we may see what are some of the more substantial features, some of the more striking elementary traits of the earth itself, in that distant realm of which we speak. Turning our backs upon the Port of Natal, we ascend the inland steppes, to which we have already referred. Reaching the last grand plateau which stretches off from the top of the Kwahlamba range to the north and west, we find ourselves something more than a hundred miles from the coast, and some five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea. But the terraces we have climbed and traversed are not all so smooth and well-defined as you might suppose. Their boundary lines are often broken and irregular, the edges battered, bent, or broken down. The ever-living streams, often swollen and rapid as they are, coming down age after age from the upland range, have cut through the plains, and worn deep, rugged channels here and there in the massive layers of sandstone that give support, form and front to the terraces. Evidently the whole district has been deeply agitated more than worn in time past; the broad table-lands have been fissured and opened, and portions of them heaved this way and that, till now the surface is traversed with deep valleys, indented with ravines, or notched with clefts and gorges. With such a structure before us, it can not be difficult for any one to believe that the geological exhibitions of Zululand are both rich and instructive. Along the edge of each terrace, along the surface of each plain, along the dark recess of each ravine, in the bottoms of the deep-worn channels, in the rapids and falls of every river, in the steep and furrowed sides, the clefts and the caverns of the hills and mountains, wherever the student of "the stony science" may please to wander, he will find a book open, often a new and peculiar one, inviting him to read. Among the geological elements of the land, granite, gneiss, trap, sandstone

and shale must be considered as chief. Of these, the most common is the sandstone, of which there are two kinds—the more modern and finer grained which is found associated with a carboniferous strata, with vegetable remains embedded in its layers; and an older, coarser kind which belongs apparently to the silurian age, and constitutes the summit of the mountains. Here and there, among the layers of sandstone, we find a deposit of coal or a bed of shale, the latter fissured and laminated, sometimes red, sometimes gray. The trap seems not all of the same age. Some of it is associated with the granite and old silurian sandstone; some of it bears the marks of an origin more recent than the newer sandstone. The more recent trap varies in compactness, so that in some places fragments of it are often sundered from the mass by the action of coursing water, wind, and rain. We sometimes meet with places where enormous boulders are scattered here and there over the fields so thickly that the traveller can hardly make his way among them.

In almost every part of the district we find these several kinds of rock mingled together in the most irregular manner. There are places along the coast where the granite ribs jut quite out into the sea; then again the shores are terraced with sandstone; then, passing further along, you fall in with grotesque forms of trap, lashed and carved by the surging sea, all the more likely to be visited because of the oysters with which the shallows are covered. The bed of the lower Tugela is laid in granite, and many of the inland hills rest on the same substantial foundation. Toward the north-west the trap takes its turn. The wood plain between Maritzburg and the Kwahlamba abounds in this kind of rock in various states of condensation. The whole Kwahlamba range consists of trap. The general composition of the Table Mountain near Maritzburg is the same as that of its namesake at the Cape of Good Hope, its broad base consisting of granite or gneiss, its summit a tabular mass of coarse sandstone. Its lower slopes are inclined at an angle of such moderate degree as to admit of their being traversed. The gigantic layers of bare reddish gray rock which form the upper sides of the mountain, for two or three hundred feet from the top down, are almost as perpendicular as the walls

of a house, though vertically ridged and grooved with the pillars and furrows which the elements for ages have wrought in them. From the manner in which these tabular mountains are scattered through the South of Africa, many are disposed to regard them as remnants of a vast plateau of sandstone which some of the internal forces of the earth have shattered and heaved till the parts have been brought to their present position. The tops of these mountains present the curious spectacle of large green pastures of thousands of acres, as flat and level as any plain, insulated from the rest of the world, save generally by some single slope or craggy stair-case so eroded in the face of the precipice that cattle and horses can find a way to the summit. And here they may be left to roam and feed a month or a year, slaking their thirst from some of the curious springs that may be found issuing, here and there, in the secluded nooks of these upland regions.

The climate and seasons of Natal are very different from what we have in New England. There we used to go sometimes a whole year without fire in the house except what was required for culinary purposes. And yet we had no considerable extreme of hot weather, above what may be occasionally experienced in Vermont and her sister States. The thermometer was wont to range from fifty to a hundred in the shade, seldom so low as the former, seldom so high as the latter, but abounding in the sixties in winter and in the eighties in summer. During a sojourn of fifteen years in that land, we saw frost only two or three times at our station, fifteen miles from the sea, and thirty miles north of the port of Natal. For much of the time the climate is as bland and beautiful as the most fastidious could wish; and then there are days and even weeks which are anything but desirable in their influence on the health and feelings of man, especially upon the foreigner.

The seasons in Natal are not so well marked as among us. The physical features of the country are not more diversified and peculiar than the climate. Occasionally a day would be almost as warm in mid-winter as they would average in summer; and then a mid-summer day would be well nigh as cold as winter. Situated, as we were, some thirty degrees south of the equator, we had the sun on the north of us, and so a com-

plete reverse in all our seasons — our south-African winter coming in June, July and August, our southern summer in December, January and February. The changes of weather, especially as spring began to come in, were often sudden and extreme. The hot north winds would sometimes blow hard, harder, hardest, for a day or two, then subside all on a sudden, and in five or ten minutes a cold chilly current would come driving in from the south-west, bringing with it an almost freezing rain. Should this continue a day or two, some of the poor cattle and even people might perish in the exposure. Such sudden changes, when the mercury would fall sometimes ten or fifteen degrees in half an hour, perhaps thirty or forty in half a day, would prove, of course, exceedingly trying to the health of both man and beast. The heat of summer was greatly modified by the prevailing clouds and rains at this season of the year, as the cold of winter was the less severe from the fact that this was the dry and sunny season. Indeed, we usually had little or no rain from April or May to August or September, and then enough to make up for all previous lack. The rainfall for the year generally amounts to about three feet, of which not less than thirty inches usually fall in the summer season.

The hot north wind, to which allusion has been made, is peculiar. It consists of a wide, sweeping wave of heated air, rushing southward from the plains of the interior, increasing in strength and hugging the earth yet more and more the longer it blows, heating the ground, withering plants, and warping timber, till finally its force is all expended. Then comes the cold south-west wind with dark clouds, thunder, lightning, and rain. Hail storms are common in Natal, especially in the upland regions. The manner in which jagged masses of ice, some of them as large as the eggs of a goose, are brought forth and sent from the skies in the mountainous regions of the Kwahlamba, hurled and dashed with fearful fury along the towering walls of that hoary range, must be one of the sublimest exhibitions of nature. Of the same sublime character are the thunder storms of Natal. The magnificent clouds, the most vivid and diversified flashes of lightning, the bursting and reverberating peals of thunder, can be known only by the actual sight and hearing.

The beauty of the nocturnal heavens is often greatly marred

by the clouds of summer and the smoke of winter. A good star-gazing night once a week is all that can be expected in the rainy season ; but when such a night does come it is well worth the having. The rain ceasing and the clouds dispersing, the brilliancy and magnificence of the nightly skies make ample amends for all patient waiting. Directing the eye to the zenith, you now find the entire surface of the vault thickly studded with brightest silvery points.

The civil history of Natal and Zululand is checkered and striking. It is now nearly two hundred years since the beautiful port began to be visited by European voyagers. Their account of the character and customs of the people show them to be much the same as we find them at this day. According to the record made by these early visitors, the country at that time was populous and fruitful, the people friendly, strong, ingenious. The business of the women was to cultivate the fields, that of man, to herd and milk the cows. A copper armlet was thought ample compensation for carrying a weight of fifty or a hundred pounds a distance of three or four days' travel, over hill and dale, through river and jungle. The modern history of the district may be set down as beginning with the bold and grand, yet bloody career of the great chieftain Chaka. With him the small Zulu tribe began to acquire power and fame. He armed his soldiers with the short sword, and so compelled them to fight hand to hand ; one of the surest ways of sending fear into the hearts of the enemy. Going out in person at the head of his marauding forces, he subdued all the neighboring tribes, one after another, to the number of about forty, incorporating them into his own, till finally he was known and feared as sovereign of all south-eastern Africa, making his power to be felt up and down the coast, from the Inhambane to the Cape Colony, and from the coast inland, north and west, to the centre of the continent. In 1828 his brother Dingan conspired against him and slew him, and took possession of the throne. Ten years passed away, and the Dutch Boers, offended with the English at the Cape, because they had put an end to slavery among them, came to seek an abode in Zululand. The Dutch delegation, with Retief at the head, was at first kindly treated by Dingan, but told that the Zulus had, of late, had

many cattle stolen from them by men wearing clothes, riding horses, carrying guns, and calling themselves Boers, and Dingan's wish was that Retief and his party would prove their innocence by recovering and returning the cattle. The wily Zulu's proposal was accepted, a foray made upon a feeble tribe of Mantalees, about seven hundred head of cattle taken and brought by an armed escort of about a hundred mounted men to the gates of the town where the sable chieftain had his abode. The cattle delivered, and some days spent in negotiations, military reviews, and social festivities, the king was induced to put his mark to a paper purporting to make the district of Natal over to the Boers to be theirs forever. But ere the deputation had taken their leave, the king, according to a preconcerted scheme, called on his men to kill the wizards. Not one of the hundred men was left to tell their friends the story of their fate. All were slain. Then came two years of intrigue and war between the emigrant farmer and the aboriginal African, the issue of which was doubtful till about half the Zulu nation, with Umpande, Dingan's brother at the head, went over to the side of the white man, helping him to destroy their own king and get possession of their own country. Hardly had the Boers set up a government of their own in this new land, before the English came, charging them, and justly enough, with wronging the natives, still claiming them as British subjects, and refusing to acknowledge the independence they claimed. On all these points the Boers held a different opinion. Then came a resort to arms; and after some two or three years of fighting, talking and writing, on the 12th of May, 1843, a proclamation was issued to the effect that the Queen of England was pleased to recognize and adopt the district of Natal as a British colony, allowing the emigrant an abode there on condition there should be no distinction between them and the natives on the ground of color or of origin, no slavery of any kind in the land, and no aggression upon the neighboring tribes. Since that time some seven or eight large tracts of land, reserves, or "locations," as they are called, have been set apart for the use of the natives, while other parts of the colony have come largely into the possession and occupation of the Dutch and English,

with a sprinkling of other white people, whose number now amounts to twelve or fifteen thousand.

Taking a look at the natives of Natal and Zululand, we find them well made and of good stature, though not hardly so tall as the English and Americans. Their frame is generally well proportioned, their limbs rather delicate; very erect in their gait or standing, and agile in their movement. Their color varies from the reddish copper to a jet black. The prevailing shade, and that in which they take most delight, is a very dark brown. They regard white as good enough for the Anglo-Saxon race, but would be just as loth to exchange color with us as we with them. Ask any dark colored gentleman or lady of Zululand what they think of complexion, and they will tell you the light is good for the European, but for themselves the most beautiful is just their own, black with a tinge of the red. Their countenance is open, pleasing, bespeaking cheerfulness and contentment. Their forehead is often high and square, their chin retiring, their eyes black and expressive, their teeth well set and white. On the whole, it must be admitted that the Zulus are a fine looking race. Their wardrobe is almost too scanty to allow of a careful description. Half a cow hide tanned soft and dyed black, bound about the loins so as to reach half way to their feet, makes the greater part of the woman's attire; while that of the men consists chiefly of two small aprons of some skin of sheep, goat or other animal, or perchance two large bunches of furry thongs cut from the skin of leopard or wild cat, hung loosely about the loins. Their necks, arms and other parts of the body are often decked out with a profusion of beads and other ornaments. Young men are fond of necklaces made of small horns, or of the teeth and claws of the leopard or the lion. Old men and others often wear necklaces of roots to protect them from harm. The men shave their heads, all but a ring with a diameter of some three or four inches, about the crown; the women have a small tuft of hair on the crown, and shave off all the rest. The former do up the ring of hair in a kind of gum; the latter in a kind of red clay mixed with grease.

For a dwelling they select a hill-side and begin with the cattle-fold which consists of a circular enclosure. Around this

they build their huts or houses, one for the head man or master of the kraal, and one apiece for his wives. The houses are hemispherical, about twelve or fifteen feet wide and six or seven high, built of wattles, covered with grass, with an aperture two feet high on one side at the base for door and window. The floor is made of clay, and always kept beautifully hard and smooth. A few earthen pots made by women, a few mats, wooden pillows, calabashes for the milk, a hatchet and a few picks or large clumsy hoes, wooden spoons and iron spears, make up the inventory of their furniture.

Their food consists chiefly of corn and pumpkins, amabele and amasi, or a kind of millet and thick milk, beef and venison. The women do most of the hard work, cultivate the soil, bring the wood and water, grind the corn, cook the food, help build the houses and carry all burdens. The chief employments of the men are herding and milking the cows, building their kraals, fencing and watching their gardens, waging war, hunting and lounging.

The practice of polygamy is common. The wife is bought with cattle, and generally the man who can pay best is most likely to be successful in his suit, whatever be his age, or the number of wives already in his possession — the father of the girl often prizing a large herd of cattle above the choice and affections of his daughter. For the more cattle he can get the more can he add to the number of his own wives, and the higher will be his social standing in the community.

Superstitious notions and practices are among the distinguishing traits of the Zulu, as of other African tribes. Their signs of evil are many, and their modes of averting evil equally numerous. Their objects of worship are the amablozi or shades of the dead, to which in times of sickness and other distress, they say their prayers and offer sacrifices. Their political institutions, like those of other lands, are the growth of ages under the moulding agency of circumstances, having a natural origin in the necessities, habits and relations of the people. Some of their laws are really good, well calculated to promote the general welfare of the people; others are wrong in principle and unhappy in their effects. The government is hereditary — somewhat patriarchal in its character. Its ramifications are very

complete. Children must account to their parents, wives to their husbands, the men of a kraal to the head-men of a district, and these to the king. The king's word is ultimate law; but he must take care how he trifles with the will of his people, or deviates from the beaten path of his predecessors. The Zulus are generally disposed to show deference to age, rank and authority. With all their want of culture and discipline, they believe in having everything done in an orderly, becoming manner. Their rules of etiquette are as fixed, and some of them quite as good, as we find among people of much greater advantages and pretension. They are quick to read character, to appreciate worth and mark defects. Neither are they wanting in a good logical turn of mind. A good argument is a thing they know both how to make and how to prize. Within the range of their own experience and observation they can assign as good a reason, and draw as correct an inference, as any body else. As a race they may not have as much mental power, so much purely intellectual strength, as the Anglo-Saxon race, or the descendants of Japheth in general; but for all this they may have quite as much and more of sensibility; as much and more of real heart and all that is prime in importance to make life beautiful and lovely.

It was in 1834 that the American Board commenced a mission among this people, sending six men and their wives to carry and proclaim among them the Gospel of Christ. Three of these men were designated to the Zulus along the eastern coast, the region of Port Natal, and three to a branch of the same people then living under Umzilikazi's rule in what was called "the interior," not far from the Kashan or Kerichane mountains. But the latter mission was soon interrupted, transferred to the coast, and consolidated with the other. For the first eight or nine years, wars and rumors of war, together with other hindrances, prevented their getting much hold of the people, or planting themselves very firmly among them. After that, the district of Natal coming under British rule, as it did in 1843, and the affairs of the people consequently taking a more settled and orderly form, the mission began to prosper, and has continued to go steadily forward in its work till the present time. Though its progress has not been rapid, nor without re-

verses, yet persevering effort has had its reward, so that there is now a line of about a dozen stations stretching along the coast from the Tugela to the Umzimkulu, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, at each of which the Gospel is preached, a school taught, and, with one or two exceptions, a church formed.

ARTICLE VI.

THE MOTHER OF THE WESLEYS.

The Mother of the Wesleys. A Biography. By Rev. JOHN KIRK. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock. 1865.*

THE power of maternal character and training is so uniformly acknowledged, that it is one of the first sources to which we look for the greatness of all great men. High on the noble list of mothers whose names are written in heaven, if not all on earth, stands Susannah Wesley, the mother of the honored founder of Methodism, and his equally illustrious brother, the Methodist lyric poet; men whom, now that time has softened the asperities of religious controversy, and revealed in its true proportions the work which they performed, the church universal recognizes with pride and reverence, as among her chief and peculiar treasures. The public history of John and Charles Wesley is familiar to every person of intelligence; their earnest words of exhortation and entreaty have still a living power; their hymns are sung in every land to which the Gospel has been carried. But the circumstances of their early home-life and education, though they have not been, and could not be denied the admiring comments of every biographer of the Wesley brothers, have yet received less attention than their remarkable character demands. It is to the mother of John and Charles Wesley that we would devote this article, hoping that however bare may be our recital of facts, it will awaken an interest which may be gratified elsewhere.

Of all the biographies of the Wesleys which we have seen, the most delightful, because the most graphic and gossippy, is

* Reprinted from the first London edition, 1864.

Adam Clarke's "Wesley Family": for these qualities, which in ordinary memoirs are anything but commendable, become, when an extraordinary subject is under consideration, most valuable and charming, as giving us a breadth of view which a writer less in sympathy with his subject, and more regardful of his own literary reputation, would fail to afford. Enthusiastic to what seems sometimes like extravagance; partial, doubtless, in the recital of certain occurrences; yet as we finish the good Doctor's eulogistic volume, we hardly wonder at its closing sentence: "Such a family I have never read of, heard of, or known, nor since the days of Abraham and Sarah, and Joseph and Mary of Nazareth, has there ever been a family to which the human race has been more indebted."

Dr. Clarke's enthusiasm, while it may have led him astray occasionally in minor points, has yet been his greatest safeguard, in that his reverence for all that concerned the Wesley family has caused him to let them speak for themselves whenever possible, and to bring together an amount of original family documents which could not without much painstaking now be found elsewhere. It would have been well if the author of the volume named at the head of this article had had the modesty and wisdom to follow Dr. Clarke's example; if instead of exhortations and inferences he had devoted the space they consume to larger quotations from their family papers. His book is, however, written in a popular and interesting style, and we are glad the character which it chiefly aims to delineate is brought before the public at the present time.

We wish to give as large extracts from these original documents as our limits will allow. But we must first briefly sketch the circumstances of Mrs. Wesley's early life, and the influences which contributed to form her character. Her father, Dr. Samuel Annesley of London, was a non-conforming minister of good abilities and exemplary piety, of whom Richard Baxter once spoke as "a most sincere, godly, humble man, totally devoted to God." He was a leader among the non-conformists, highly esteemed in all their churches for his sound judgment and administrative ability, and respected by his opponents both for his firmness and his charity. Of Mrs. Wesley's mother little is known. She is believed to have been the daughter of John White, "a grave

lawyer," and M. P. for Southwark in 1640. Dr. and Mrs. Annesley are said to have had twenty-five children, of seven of whom some account has been preserved. They seemed all to have been well educated, of at least fair abilities, and some of them remarkable both for intellect and personal attractions. There is a portrait of Judith Annesley, supposed to be by Sir Peter Lely, which represents her as a very beautiful woman, and some of Mrs. Wesley's biographers allege that she was much more beautiful than her sister. Her sister, Elizabeth Annesley, who married John Dunton, an eccentric bookseller of some note, is described as "pleasant, witty and virtuous; mistress of all those graces which can be desired to make a complete woman;" and Anne Annesley as "a wit for certain; than whom art never feigned nor nature formed, a finer woman." Susannah Annesley, afterwards Mrs. Wesley, was born in 1669. Her father's house was a school of piety and learning such as few families present, and she seems to have profited to the utmost by its opportunities. Her education, as evinced in her writings, while it may not have included all the fashionable accomplishments of the day, was thorough as to the more important studies. Her English is marvelously clear and compact, her reading evidently of no small extent, and her powers of reflection most precociously developed. Metaphysics seems to have been her favorite branch of study, and the leading theological questions of the time were investigated by her with an interest and acuteness very remarkable in a young girl, even in those days of religious agitation. The controversy between the advocates of conformity and non-conformity was at its height. Dr. Annesley was a dissenter, though one of the moderate sort. Susannah listened to the discussions which frequently took place at her father's house, pondered them, and perhaps assisted by the sympathy of Samuel Wesley, then a student at Stepney, and a frequent visitor at Dr. Annesley's, who about this time renounced non-conformity for the established church, she attached herself to the latter; as she says, "not being full thirteen." Says Dr. Clarke:

"It does not appear that her father threw any obstacles in her way, or that he afterwards disapproved of her marrying a rigid orthodox churchman; who from a similar process, became a convert from the peculiar tenets of his nonconformist ancestors to the eccle-

siaistical establishment of the kingdom, nor have I learned, after the most extensive research and the closest inquiry, that the slightest difference ever existed between him, his son-in-law and daughter, upon the subject."

A testimony most creditable to the liberality and Christian forbearance of Dr. Annesley in those days of heated and angry controversy. Mrs. Wesley remained through life a devoted adherent of the church of England, though when, in her old age, among the people to whom her sons ministered, lay preaching developed itself, much to John Wesley's astonishment, and at first displeasure, she manifested the same spirit of tolerance which her parents had shown to her.

" 'John,' says she, in reply to his request for her counsel in the matter, 'you know what my sentiments have been. You can not accuse me of favoring readily anything of this kind. But take care what you do with respect to that young man' (Thomas Maxfield), 'for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are. Examine what the fruits of his preaching have been, and hear him yourself.' "

In 1689 Susannah Annesley married the Rev. Samuel Wesley. As has been mentioned, he had left the Dissenters for the established church, and was now, at the age of twenty-eight or nine, considered a preacher and writer of promising talent. He was descended from an ancient, respectable and pious family. After a short residence in London, and at South Ormsby in Lincolnshire (at the latter terminated by a difference with his patron, in which the young clergyman's unbending integrity would not suffer him to yield a point of morality even in prospect of the loss of his living), Mr. and Mrs. Wesley took up their permanent abode at Epworth, an obscure town in the same county. Here most of their children were born, and here the influences of which Susannah Wesley was the centre, radiated to her children and through them to the world. Here she spent the best years of her life, of which she might doubtless have used with truth the words of her contemporary, Lady Russell, who in a more exalted position experienced no less the instability of earthly enjoyment, and the satisfaction of a religious life: "I have felt many days of bitter grief as well as others of lesser troubles and provocations, and many of great and true happiness, which was made up by love and quiet at home; abroad, by friendship and innocent diversions."

In order to the intelligent appreciation of what Mrs. Wesley accomplished in her Epworth home, it is necessary to place before the reader the circumstances in which her work was done, and ask him to bear them in mind as shadows to heighten the effect of the positive colors in the picture. And the shadows are deep enough. Poverty, with all its attendant ills, sickness, domestic afflictions and public misfortune, are not wanting. Nineteen sons and daughters, of whom ten at least lived to mature age, were reared at the Epworth parsonage, in intellectual affluence indeed, but extreme worldly destitution. In regard to the latter, so heavy was at times its pressure, that Mrs. Wesley once said to the Archbishop of York, that "though she had never yet quite wanted bread, she had so much trouble to get it, and so much anxiety about paying for it, that bread on such terms was the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." Her husband does not seem to have had much worldly wisdom, and the care of providing for the family out of his slender salary devolved principally upon her. Mr. Wesley was persecuted for his political opinions, his home watched, his cows stabbed, and himself cast into prison. "All this, thank God!" writes he, "does not in the least sink my wife's spirits." As the climax of their misfortunes, the rectory was twice on fire, and the last time was nearly consumed, with a great loss of furniture and clothing, which Mrs. Wesley says, twelve years after, had not then been made up. John Wesley escaped from the flames almost by a miracle. There is strong ground for suspicion that these fires had their origin in the same deadly hatred which caused the other persecutions. Family troubles, the ill-conduct of one child for a time, and the unhappy marriages of several others, led Mrs. Wesley to exclaim, in a letter to her brother in India :

"O, sir! O, brother! happy, thrice happy are you, happy is my sister, that buried your children in infancy, secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame or loss of friends! They are safe beyond the reach of pain or sense of misery; being gone from hence, nothing can touch them farther. Believe, me, sir, it is better to mourn ten children dead than one living; and I have buried many." She goes on: "Innumerable are other uneasinesses too tedious to mention; inasmuch that what with my own indisposition, my master's infirmities" (Mr. Wesley was, for some years before his death, in feeble health), "the absence of my eldest, the

ruin of my second daughter, and the inconceivable distress of all the rest, I have enough to turn a stronger head than mine. And were it not that God supports, and by his omnipotent goodness often totally suspends all sense of worldly things, I could not sustain the weight many days, perhaps hours."

All Mrs. Wesley's children were educated by her husband and herself. He was much away from home, and in addition to his parish duties, was fond of literary pursuits which must have greatly occupied his spare hours, so that the attainments of the children may in a great measure be credited to Mrs. Wesley. John Wesley mentions "the calm serenity with which his mother transacted business, wrote letters, and conversed, surrounded by her thirteen children." "They had the fame," says Dr. Clarke, "of being the most loving family in Lincoln." Late in life, Mrs. Wesley, at the request of her son John, wrote out an account of her system of family training, which is so remarkable that we must give some extracts from it :

"Epworth, July 24, 1732.

"DEAR SON,—According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family.

"The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth ; as in dressing and undressing, changing their linen, etc. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that they were, if possible, laid into their cradle awake, and rocked to sleep ; and so were kept rocking till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping, which at first was three hours in the morning and three in the afternoon ; afterwards two hours, till they needed none at all. When turned a year old (and some before), they were taught to fear the rod and to cry softly, by which means they escaped abundance of correction which they might otherwise have had ; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house, but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

"As soon as they were grown pretty strong, they were confined to three meals a day. At dinner their little table and chairs were set by ours, where they could be overlooked, and they were suffered to eat and drink (small beer) as much as they would, but not to call for anything. If they wanted aught, they were to whisper to the maid who attended them, who came and spoke to me ; and as soon as they could handle a knife and fork they were set to our table.

They were never suffered to choose their meat, but always made to eat such things as were provided for the family. Mornings they always had spoon-meat; sometimes at nights. But, whatever they had, they were never permitted at those meals to eat of more than one thing, and that sparingly enough. Drinking or eating between meals was never allowed except in case of sickness, which seldom happened. Nor were they suffered to go into the kitchen to ask anything of the servants when they were at meat; if it was known that they did so, they were certainly beat and the servants severely reprimanded.

"At six, as soon as family prayer was over, they had their supper; at seven the maid washed them, and beginning at the youngest she undressed and got them all to bed by eight, at which time she left them in their several rooms awake, for there was no such thing allowed of, in our house, as sitting by a child till it fell asleep.

"They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine, for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention to show that a person may be taught to take anything, though it be never so much against his stomach.

"In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once, and the sooner the better; for by neglecting timely correction they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which are hardly ever after conquered, and never without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for indulgent, whom I call cruel parents; who permit their children to get habits which they know must afterwards be broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond as in sport to teach their children to do things which, in a while after, they have severely beaten them for doing. When a child is corrected it must be conquered, and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reprov'd; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children without chastisement less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence may require. I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes,

because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education, without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its own understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

“I can not yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever cherishes this in children, insures their after wretchedness and irreligion; whatever checks and mortifies it, promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident, if we further consider that religion is nothing else than the doing the will of God, and not our own; that the one grand impediment to our temporal and eternal happiness being this self-will, no indulgence of it can be trivial, no denial unprofitable. Heaven or hell depends on this alone. So that the parent who studies to subdue it in his child, works together with God in renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work; makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable, and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body, forever.

“Our children were taught, as soon as they could speak, the Lord's prayer, which they were made to say at rising and bed time constantly; to which, as they grew bigger, were added a short prayer for their parents, and some collects, a short catechism, and some portion of Scripture, as their memories could bear. They were very early made to distinguish the Sabbath from other days, before they could well speak or go. They were as soon taught to be still at family prayers, and to ask a blessing immediately after, which they used to do by signs, before they could kneel or speak.

“They were quickly made to understand that they might have nothing they cried for, and instructed to speak handsomely for what they wanted. They were not suffered to ask even the lowest servant for aught, without saying, Pray give me such a thing; and the servant was chid if she ever let them omit that word.

“Taking God's name in vain, cursing and swearing, profanity, obscenity, rude, ill-bred names, were never heard among them; nor were they ever permitted to call each other by their proper names without the addition of brother or sister.

“There was no such thing as loud talking or playing allowed of; but every one was kept close to business for the six hours of school. And it is almost incredible what a child may be taught in a quarter of a year by a vigorous application, if it have but a tolerable capacity and good health. Kezzy excepted, all could read better in that time than the most of women can do as long as they live. Rising out

of their places, or going out of the room, was not permitted except for good cause ; and running into the yard, garden, or street, without leave, was always esteemed a capital offence.

“ For some years we went on very well, never were children in better order, never were children better disposed to piety, or in more subjection to their parents, till that fatal dispersion of them, after the fire, into several families. In those they were left at full liberty to converse with servants, which before they had always been restrained from ; and to run abroad to play with any children, good or bad. They soon learned to neglect a strict observance of the Sabbath ; and got knowledge of several songs and bad things, which before they had no notion of. That civil behavior, which made them admired when at home by all who saw them, was in great measure lost ; and a clownish accent and many rude ways were learned, which were not reformed without some difficulty.

“ When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered upon a strict reform ; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. That also of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon, when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the Psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament ; as in the morning they were directed to read the Psalms, and a chapter in the Old ; after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

“ There were several by-laws observed among us. I mention them here, because I think them useful.

“ 1. It has been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying, till they get a custom of it which they can not leave. To prevent this, a law was made that whoever was charged with a fault of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, they should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying ; and would have done more if one in the family would have obeyed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed upon by false colors and equivocations, which none would have used but one, had they been kindly dealt with ; and some in spite of all would always speak truth plainly.

“ 2. That no simple action, as lying, pilfering at church or on the Lord's day, disobedience, quarreling, &c., should ever pass unpunished.

“ 3. That no child should ever be chid or beat twice for the same

fault, and that, if they amended, they should never be upbraided with it afterward.

"4. That every signal act of obedience, especially when it crossed upon their own inclinations, should be always commended, and frequently rewarded, according to the merits of the case.

"5. That if ever any child performed an act of obedience, or did anything with an intention to please, though the performance was not well, yet the obedience and intention should be kindly accepted, and the child with sweetness directed how to do better for the future.

"6. That propriety be inviolably preserved; and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were not of the value of a farthing, or a pin, which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children, and from the want of parents and governors doing it as they ought, proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

"7. That promises be strictly observed; and a gift once bestowed, and so the right passed away from the donor, be not resumed, but left to the disposal of him to whom it was given, unless it were conditional, and the condition of the obligation not performed.

"8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time that she was held to in reading. This rule also is to be much observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly, is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

Mrs. Wesley's remark that one of her children "could read better in a quarter of a year than most women do in a life time," will be explained and freed from any seeming exaggeration, by her account of the method which she pursued with them.

"None of the children were taught to read till five years old, except one, in whose case I was overruled, and she was more years in learning than the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this: the day before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine to twelve, or from two to five, which were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly, for which I then thought them very dull; Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the

alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on the 10th of February; the next day he began to learn; and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it off-hand without any hesitation; and so on to the second, &c., till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter fell low that year, and at Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well."

Whether Mrs. Wesley's remarkable firmness and perseverance called forth such corresponding endeavors on the part of her pupils as few teachers could excite, the reader must judge. "I wonder at your patience," said her husband on one occasion, "you have told that child twenty times over that same thing." "Had I satisfied myself by mentioning the matter only nineteen times," replied Mrs. Wesley, "I should have lost my labor. You see it was the twentieth time that crowned the whole." But we have long been convinced that by the system commonly in use, of spelling long lines of syllables and words without any associated meaning, and short sentences that have no interest or completeness, the task of learning to read is made unnecessarily tedious and complicated. In a case which fell under the writer's observation, a child learned to read well at four years old, without ever having used a spelling book, or being able to repeat the letters of the alphabet in order. To that child, though by no means precocious, learning to read was not a task but a pleasure; words became at once associated with ideas, in such a manner that forgetfulness of either was almost impossible. It is much to be wondered at, that while so much pains is taken for improvement in educational matters, this, which lies at the foundation of all, should remain practically at a stand-still.

Without the strictest attention to order and system, Mrs. Wesley could not have given so much time either to the education of her children, or to her own private religious duties. In the letter we have quoted, mention is made of a general retirement at five o'clock. This Mrs. Wesley uniformly observed, as well as another hour in the morning; and occasionally had also a short interval of devotion at noon. When yet a young girl she had resolved "never to spend more time in any matter of mere recreation in one day, than was spent in private religious duties," and she remarks for her own incitement to regularity:

"If visitors, business, or other accident be allowed to interfere with reading, working, or singing psalms at the appointed times, you will find such impediments multiplied upon you, till at last all order and devotion will be lost." How well Mrs. Wesley succeeded in redeeming the time she had set apart for religious purposes, the following extract from her journal will show :

"It is now about nine years since you more solemnly devoted yourself to His will, and since you resolved to spend at least one hour morning and evening in private duty, which resolution you have peremptorily adhered to. And though by sickness, and sometimes unavoidable business, you have occasionally contracted your devotions, yet your conscience can not accuse you of omitting them."

In these seasons of retirement Mrs. Wesley was accustomed to spend a part of her time in writing down the thoughts which occurred to her. Many of these beautiful expressions of her piety have been preserved, of which we can only give one or two :

"Though man is born to trouble, yet I believe there is scarce a man to be found upon earth, that, take the whole course of his life, hath not more mercies than afflictions and more pleasure than pain. I am sure it has been so in my case. I have many years suffered much pain, and great bodily infirmities ; but I have likewise enjoyed great intervals of rest and ease. And those very sufferings have, by the blessing of God, been of excellent use, and proved the most proper means of reclaiming me from a vain and sinful conversation, inasmuch that I can not say, I had better have been without this affliction, this disease, this loss, want, contempt, reproach. All my sufferings, by the admirable management of omnipotent goodness, have contributed to promote my spiritual and eternal good. And if I have not reaped that advantage by them which I might have done, it is merely owing to the perverseness of my own will, and frequent lapses into present things, and unfaithfulness to the good Spirit of God ; who, notwithstanding all my prevarications, all the stupid opposition I have made, has never totally abandoned me. Glory be to Thee, O, Lord !"

"If to esteem and have the highest reverence for THEE ; if constantly and sincerely to acknowledge THEE the supreme, the only desirable good, be to love Thee ; I DO LOVE THEE !

"If comparatively to despise and undervalue all the world contains, which is esteemed great, fair, or good ; if earnestly and con-

stantly to desire Thee, Thy favor, Thy acceptance, Thyself, rather than any or all things Thou hast created, be to love Thee ; I DO LOVE THEE !

“ If to rejoice in Thy essential majesty and glory ; if to feel a vital joy overspread and cheer the heart at each perception of Thy blessedness, at every thought that Thou art God, and that all things are in Thy power ; that there is none superior or equal to Thee ; be to love Thee ; I DO LOVE THEE ! ”

Mrs. Wesley was in the habit of talking with one of her children every evening at bed time upon some point of personal religion. Each child had its opportunity thus to pour out to its mother all the doubts and perplexities and hopes which might arise, and that the effect was most beneficial and permanent is evident. She seems to have been specially concerned for her son John who had been wonderfully rescued from the flames. He was at this time six years old. The fire occurred at night, and in the confusion he was left behind. He was awakened by the roaring of the fire, and climbing on a chest near the window was seen from the yard, and one man standing on the shoulders of another snatched him from death only a moment before the roof fell in. Mrs. Wesley makes the following entry in her diary in reference to him : “ I do intend to be more particularly careful of the soul of this child, whom thou hast so mercifully provided for, than I have been, that I may endeavor to instil into his mind the principles of thy true religion and virtue. Lord, give me grace to do it sincerely and prudently ; and bless my attempts with good success ! ” Nearly twenty years after, this same son wrote to her : “ If you can spare me only that little part of Thursday evening which you formerly bestowed upon me in another manner, I doubt not it would be as useful now for correcting my heart as it was then for forming my judgment. ” When she was separated from her children, her loving anxiety led her to write them often upon these matters, and there is still extant a treatise, in epistolary form, upon the Apostle's Creed, which she sent to her daughter Susan, who, after the fire at Epworth, went to live for a time with an uncle at a distance. Her clearness in stating and aptness in explaining her doctrinal views are admirable ; her style will bear comparison with that of the best writers of her day ; and when we remember amid what distrac-

tions she must often have written, and the multiplicity of worldly cares which solicited her thoughts, we can only account for her serenity and collectedness by admitting that her soul was "fixed on God," and that she had been able to keep that noble but difficult saying of à Kempis :

"Endeavor in every place, and in every external employment and action, to be inwardly free and master of thyself; that the business and events of life, instead of ruling over thy spirit, may be subject to it. Of all thy actions thou must be, not the servant and slave, but the absolute lord and governor; a free and genuine Israelite, translated into the inheritance and liberty of the sons of God."

In the introductory part of the paper above referred to, Mrs. Wesley thus states the trial and fall of Adam :

"This trial was suited to the double or mixed nature of man; the beauty, scent and taste of the fruit was the trial of their senses or appetites; and the virtue of it being not only good for food, but also to be desired to make one wise, was the trial of their minds; and by this God made proof of our first parents, to see whether they would deny their sensual appetites, and keep the body in due subjection to the mind, or whether they would prefer the pleasures of sense, and thereby dethrone their reason, break the covenant of their obedience, and forfeit the favor of God, and eternal happiness; and whether they would humbly be content with that measure of knowledge and understanding which God thought best for them, or boldly pry into those things which he had forbidden them to search after." "Thus pride and sensuality ruined our first parents, and brought them and their posterity into a state of mortality. Thus sin entered into the world and death by sin, and thus was human nature corrupted at the fountain; and as a corrupt tree can not bring forth good fruit, so of consequence the children of guilty Adam must be corrupt and depraved. Any one who will make the least reflection on his own mind, may soon be convinced of this great truth, that not only the body is weak and infirm, subject to divers diseases, liable to many ill accidents, and even to death itself, but also the superior powers of the soul are weakened; as the apostle expresses it, 'at enmity with God.'"

Under the article of the Creed, "The Life Everlasting," Mrs. Wesley has this fine passage :

"But we are to understand by the life everlasting a full and perfect enjoyment of solid, inexpressible joy and felicity. The soul

shall be perfectly satisfied, nor shall it be possible to sin any more. All its faculties shall be purified and exalted; the understanding shall be filled with the beatific vision of the adorable Trinity; shall be illuminated, enlarged, and eternally employed and satisfied in the contemplation of the sublimest truths. Here we see as in a glass — have dark and imperfect perceptions of God; but there we shall behold Him as He is, shall know as we are known. Not that we shall fully comprehend the divine nature, as He doth ours; that is impossible, for He is infinite and incomprehensible, and we, though in heaven, shall be finite still; but our apprehension of His being and perfections shall be clear, just and true. We shall see Him as He is; shall never be troubled with misapprehensions and false conceptions of Him more. Those dark and mysterious methods of Providence, which here puzzle and confound the wisest heads to reconcile them with His justice and goodness, shall there be unriddled in a moment; and we shall clearly perceive that all the evils which befall good men in this life were the corrections of a merciful Father; that the furnace of affliction, which now seems so hot and terrible to nature, had nothing more than a lambent flame, which was not designed to consume us, but only to purge away our dross, to purify and prepare the mind for its abode among those blessed ones that passed through the same trials before us into the celestial paradise. And we shall forever adore and praise that infinite power and goodness which safely conducted the soul through the rough waves of this tempestuous ocean to the calm haven of peace and everlasting tranquility." "If shame or confusion could enter those blessed mansions, how would our souls be ashamed and confounded at the review of our imperfect services, when we see them crowned with such an unpropportionable reward! How shall we blush to behold that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, that is conferred upon us for that little, or rather nothing which we have done or suffered for our Lord! that God who gave us being, that preserved us, that fed and clothed us in our passage through the world; and what is infinitely more, that gave his only Son to die for us, and has by His grace purified and conducted us safe to glory! O blessed faith! mysterious love! how shall we then adore and praise what we can not here apprehend aright! How will love and joy work in the soul! But I can not express it, I can not conceive it!"

Mrs. Wesley's sons were in the habit, in mature life, of requesting her opinion on any matter of conscience or doctrine which troubled them. Numerous replies to such inquiries are

extant, showing a thorough grasp of the subjects treated, and a lovely Christian spirit. In one letter to John Wesley she says :

"However anxious you may be in searching into the nature or in distinguishing the properties of the passions or virtues of human kind, for your own private satisfaction, be very cautious in giving nice distinctions in public assemblies ; for it does not answer the true end of preaching, which is to mend men's lives, and not to fill their heads with unprofitable speculations. And after all that can be said, every affection of the soul is better known by experience than by any description which can be given of it. An honest man will more easily apprehend what is meant by being zealous for God and against sin, when he hears what are the properties and effects of true zeal, than the most accurate definition of its essence."

We must here give a short paragraph which we met with many years ago, without the author's name, and which has always seemed to us one of the most comprehensive and useful sentences ever written. It occurs in one of Mrs. Wesley's letters.

"Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure ; of the innocence or malignity of actions ? take this rule : Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things ; in short, whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

But Mrs. Wesley did not confine her labors to her own family. In her husband's absence, which was at times prolonged, on account of his being elected to attend the London convocations, she endeavored to make up to her children for the want of their father's instructions on the Sabbath, by religious reading, conversation and prayer. Some neighbors happening once to be present, and finding it good to be there, many who heard of their interest requested leave to attend, and more than two hundred were soon assembled. Mr. Wesley's curate, who seems to have been but indifferently qualified for his place, became envious of Mrs. Wesley's efforts to do good, and wrote to her husband that she had turned the parsonage into a conventicle. The rector immediately wrote to inquire into the matter, and Mrs. Wesley's replies to his objections are worthy of so energetic and

conscientious a spirit. She mentions the informal manner in which the meetings originated, and regards the opportunity for good thus given as one which she is under obligation to improve.

"I dare deny none that ask admittance. I never durst positively presume to hope that God would make use of me as an instrument in doing good; the furthest I durst go was, It may be; who can tell? With God all things are possible." "As for your proposal of letting some other person read. Alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon without spelling a good part of it, and how would that edify the rest?"

She is, however, uncertain as to the propriety of a woman's praying thus publicly.

"Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay that I durst not deny them." "I need not tell you the consequences," she goes on, "if you determine to put an end to our meeting. . . . I can now keep the people to the church, but if it be laid aside I doubt they will never go to hear him," the curate, "more. But if this be continued till you return, which will not now be long, it may please God that their hearts may be so changed by that time, that they may love and delight in His public worship, so as never to neglect it more."

What meekness, yet what firm adherence to her convictions of right do these expressions manifest. She concludes:

"If you do, after all, think fit to dissolve this assembly, do not tell me that you desire me to do it, for that will not satisfy my conscience; but send me your positive command, in such full and express terms as may absolve me from all guilt and punishment for neglecting this opportunity of doing good, when you and I shall appear before the great and awful tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The chief value of Mr. Kirk's book appears to us to be in its careful verification of dates, and discriminating criticism of some anecdotes prejudicial to Mr. Wesley, which have been repeated unhesitatingly by former biographers of the family. That he was naturally harsh and irascible, seems to be beyond dispute, but that he was indifferent to his family, or unkind to his wife, is proved to be unsubstantiated. The oft told story of his leaving

home for a year, because Mrs. Wesley would not join in the prayer for the king (William of Orange), is shown by Mr. Kirk, by a comparison of dates and occurrences, to be at least exceedingly improbable, and the charge of incurring needless expense in attending convocations is disposed of reasonably enough, by instancing the importance of the occasions which called him from home. Mr. Kirk very pertinently remarks :

“ Were our censure to fall anywhere, it would be upon the system which requires a poor parish priest to pay his own expenses while attending to the business of a public appointment, rather than upon the man who made heavy personal sacrifices to discharge what he believed to be an important duty to his church, at the request of his brethren.”

Which sentence may not be without suggestiveness in this country at present.

Whatever may have been the truth as to these family matters, it is certain that Mrs. Wesley was devotedly attached to her husband. And what was unlovely in his character seems to have softened as he drew near the close of life. His death, in 1735, was joyful and even triumphant. Mrs. Wesley survived him seven years. Being obliged to quit the Epworth home, she passed her time in the families of her children. Her trials were not yet over. Her sons, John and Charles, went on their mission to Georgia, and returned disheartened and broken in health. John Wesley had felt much reluctance to go to Georgia on account of leaving his mother so soon after his father's decease. Having laid the case before her, however, she declares herself in favor of his going. “ Had I twenty sons,” she said to him, “ I should rejoice that they were all so employed, though I should never see them more.” Her eldest, Samuel, “ son Wesley ” as she always called him, who had been her special comfort and support, died suddenly in 1739. In 1741, her daughter Kezzy, who had always been of a feeble constitution, passed away. And her daughters who survived were not in happy or prosperous circumstances. Women of much talent, sensitiveness and refinement, some of them were married unfortunately ; and to at least one of them, death was a long looked for and most welcome release.

Mrs. Wesley spent the last two or three years of her life with

John Wesley at the "Foundry" in Moorfields, an old building which he had purchased and fitted up as a dwelling-house and place of worship. Here she had many peaceful hours, and sank gently and without violent disease, to her repose, at the age of seventy three. Six children stood around her death-bed and fulfilled her last request: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God!"

ARTICLE VII.

SHORT SERMONS.

"O that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children forever."—*Deut. v. 29.*

God has long had a beloved people in Egypt. But he can not there give them a code of laws and order of life, that would be practicable. Therefore, with great power and signs, he brings them out of Egypt; and now they are at Sinai, three months on their way to the promised land. Valley and hill, plain and ravine about Sinai are covered with them, while the Law is given, the Great Law, moral, ceremonial, social, private and international.

It is a sublime sight; one blood, one religion, one destiny, under one God. This was a time for God to reveal himself, and make a declaration of his own feelings, as well as his law for this people. This he now does in four particulars as set forth in the text.

1. The intense compassion of God is declared.

We recall the circumstances. The scenery is rough, wild and frowning, and the mountain is smoking and burning and trembling. God is there in all his majesty and glory. Yet his overmastering desire in it all is: "That it may be well with them." The words are full of sympathy, tenderness and anxiety. Amid all those awful surroundings, there is the loving heart of a Heavenly Father.

2. Infinite benevolence takes the form of Law, for its best form and exercise.

It is a human notion, and a human weakness, too, to let those we love have their own way. Some parents, and all non-resistants and anti-prison men, have this. But not so the divine love: "Keep my commandments, that it might be well with them." Our sinfulness, weakness, ignorance, as well as desires for happiness, imperatively

demand a divine law. The highest human prosperity runs on the most carefully drawn lines. The noblest benevolence, and purest philanthropy call for the most careful legislation. And so Sinai as truly shows the love of God as Calvary.

3. God shows that his desire for human happiness can be gratified, only through man's free and coöperative consent.

"O that there were such a heart in them." No almighty, invincible force compels men to virtue, safety and happiness. All the means of grace assume our freedom. "He gave them their request; but sent leanness into their soul." "Their feet shall slide in due time."

4. The well-being of children is wrapped up in the conduct of the parents.

"Keep all my commandments . . . that it might be well . . . with their children."

Adam begat a son in his own likeness, and many children are beloved of God "for the fathers' sakes." Achan, Timothy, and the drunkard's child, show that there is a law of moral as well as physical inheritance.

And so we see:

1. That views of God and his Law, as unfeeling and stern, are unjust views.

2. God has peculiar tenderness for sinful men, and his law is the evidence and channel of it.

3. Men destroy themselves despite the compassion and endeavors of God.

"For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 *Cor.* v. 1.

"The earthly house" is evidently the human body; the "dissolution" is death; the "building of God," "eternal in the heavens," is the immortal and glorious body of the believer. When St. Paul says he "knows" that such a blessed change and state await him, he expresses perfect confidence, assurance, of his salvation.

Then others may have this assurance, and many do, as: (a) The devout, godly man. (b) The dying Christian often. (c) The mere moralist, who is "alive without the law." (d) The believer in universal salvation. (e) The unthinking man of no religion.

Then we must discriminate between a true and false assurance. The accompaniments of St. Paul's assurance will enable us to do this, as shown in the context.

1. Trials sanctified the apostle, 2 *Cor.* iv. 17. In separating him

from sin ; in leading him to lean on God ; and in drawing off from the world and turning his thoughts on heaven.

2. He viewed his trials in the light of eternity, as trifling and for the moment. iv. 18.

3. He felt the burden of life, and yet he desired more to be in heaven than to be rid of this burden. v. 4.

4. He was always in a cheerful mood. v. 6. "Always confident." "We are always of goud cheere." Tyndal.

5. He had a steady anticipation of the Great Judgment, v. 10 ; and yet he preferred to die. v. 8.

6. He owned the grace of God, as sovereign and supreme in his preparation. v. 5.

7. He was constantly growing in holiness. iv. 16.

8. He showed a constant and intense desire for the salvation of sinners. v. 11.

9. St. Paul was always striving to make his acceptance of God sure. v. 9.

He, who has these marks of the heirship of Christ, may have the apostle's confidence of salvation. This is quite different from a willingness to die, because of suffering, or of disgust of the world, or of false views in religion, or of ignorance, or of indifference. We have great reason to fear that much of the resignation shown at death, and of the quiet expectation of heaven, lacks the Pauline accompaniments that surround our text.

ARTICLE VIII.

LITERARY NOTICES.

- 1.—*Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAFER, M.D., LL.D., &c., &c. 8vo. pp. 325. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1865.

It is hardly worth while to question that Professor Draper classes with the Bucklean school of philosophers. If his elaborate work, on the Intellectual Development of Europe, left this in any doubt, the present volume will remove it. This may subject him to an unfavorable pre-judgment by some readers, and to a more searching examination than he might otherwise encounter. To the latter he can have no objection ; to the first he probably by this time is getting accustomed. Much as we differ from the main drift of the Buck-

lean principles and hypotheses, we find a large amount of truth in these writers, and a vigor, if not universal thoroughness, in their pages, which is stimulating. Dr. Draper is one of the most eloquent of these. He never fails to carry the reader inquisitively to his closing paragraph. He is too nervous ever to be dull. Where he touches on theological and religious points, we observe a studied caution not to give umbrage to Christian believers of the more antique kind. He is deferential to opinions which he evidently repudiates, as well he may be when he remembers who hold and have held them. But he is nevertheless very authoritative in his own way, and by a stroke of his pen establishes or effaces the gravest positions, as if an authorized autocrat in the realm of ideas. In this sense, at least, we should call him superlatively a Positivist.

Taking his stand at the present triumphant emergence of our nation from civil war, the author addresses himself to the interesting task of charting out our future, on strictly scientific principles. Asserting the universality and constancy of natural law, he analyses our material conditions—topography, climate, populations, etcetera, and thence arrives at our duties and destiny; the last as brilliant as the former are weighty and urgent. We have the same fulness of information, and lavish use of illustration from historic and general sources, which marked his former inquiry. There is something almost bewitching in these rapid generalizations and free pictorial effects on such world-wide stretches of canvass. Thus: "The absence of summer is the absence of taste and genius; where there is no winter, loyalty is unknown." The very terms, however, of this statement exclude it from the temperate zones; and if the author means the torrid and frigid zones for his contrast, that would leave little point to his antithesis, as their populations are hardly reckoned in questions of this character. This is better—that "a nation lying east and west will generally have less discordant interests than one the range of which is north and south." As ours ranges both ways, we evidently shall have need enough for all our wisdom and patience.

Climate and the stationary or migratory habits of a people, are chief forces in determining their character and fate. These have given to Europe the philosophical, to Asia the religious tendency; pp. 68—72. Great mobility and much travel are eminently healthful to a nation: hence, government should encourage railway communication to the widest extent, and avoid the stagnation which was one prime evil at the South; nor allow any section to inflict a hamper on travel, by taking advantage of its geographical position. A community can not perpetrate this act (says Prof. D.), fit only for an Arab sheikh, without becoming politically debauched and demor-

alized. With the State of New Jersey in our eye, we are inclined to think that this deduction is correct.

The writer insists on the strict action of physiological laws and facts in deciding the national status. The nation is as are its individuals; these are as their physical conditions. "The body of man can not resist external influences. It is helplessly modified by heat and cold, dryness, moisture; that is, by climate." p. 77. Physical law is inexorable, though it does not destroy human freedom. So our author. What then can save our nationality from "these climate differences which, if unchecked, must transmute us into different nations?" Two words contain the answer—"Education and Inter-communication."

We might challenge the application, to such a degree, of the physiological argument to associated human life. It is a favorite line of reasoning with Dr. Draper, and he presses it to its utmost limit. But the very fact of social organization introduces elements which greatly modify the individual conditions and influence of men, blending millions of diverse personalities into a common nationality which is not so much a numerical aggregation of the constituent units, as a composition of them into a new entity. The combining process really gives to the result qualities and powers which were in none of the isolated factors. Passing this, we must briefly note another aspect of these speculations.

Guardedly as this inquiry is conducted, it is obvious that our author's doctrine of the fixedness of physical laws carries him to the side of naturalism as opposed to supernaturalism. So stereotyped is the necessary sequence of every thing from the beginning, that he finds no room for interference or modification *ab supra*, in any emergency. We accept the general statement of the uniformity of nature. Dr. Draper concedes that this does not infringe human liberty. He holds that men should intelligently control and adapt natural forces, by a continually advancing knowledge. Why may not God have done this, miraculously as it seems to us, but, as he sees it, only on a scale of higher and perfectly normal harmony? This, however, savors of fetichism, we are reminded. Astronomy, chemistry, meteorology, and other natural sciences have at length worked themselves free of the supernatural, that is, mystic nimbus which ignorance had shed around them: all science, spiritual included, must do the same—this is the plain demand of the argument. Consistently with its demand, and disparaging criticism is passed upon the Hebrew Scriptures, which is brief and not profound. The magianism of the East would appear to have supplied the Jews with most of their religious ideas, true and false alike; p. 201. Moses and his

successors did not believe in the resurrection of the dead until the Babylonian captivity, when this dogma was imported from Persia; p. 202. More remarkable still, the expectation of a Messiah had the same origin. "It was in the uncertainties and sufferings of these events, when they hung their harps on the willows and wept when they remembered Zion, that the hope of a Deliverer first arose; and in the greater calamities of after ages, this, which in the first instance was no more than a wished-for political event, became a fixed religious expectation." p. 207. Here, of course, is an entire ignoring of the authority of the Old Testament testimony on these topics. To screen himself, the author would revive the apocryphal tale, in Esdras, of the burning of the sacred Jewish books, and their recomposition with editorial embellishments, by the scribe, Ezra, B. C. 458, or near the time of the Greek Themistocles.

But, not to open here the general question of the inspiration of the Bible, how does this Persian theory of the origin of the Messianic hope agree with Christ's own saying to the Jews: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad." John xviii. 56.

Another outcrop of the same philosophy is on page 224, where we are told that the fact of sufficient water on the globe to cover the tops of its mountains, is impossible, because "the quantity of material substance on the globe has never diminished: it is the same now as it was in the beginning"—no more, no less. So disappear the Deluge and its consequences.

We find no fault with the Professor for maintaining his own views on these important subjects; we thank him for the uniform courtesy of his discussion. But he is by no means so much at home in biblicism as he is in physics. He also states altogether too strongly the aversion of theologians to the scientific investigations of the age. We unhesitatingly assert that this aversion amounts to almost nothing. The last twenty years have well nigh dispelled the unworthy, most needless feeling of apprehension and dislike. What there ever was of it resulted mostly from the arrogance and crudity of superficial advances into the unknown realms of nature. Now that science has become intelligent and self-governed enough generally to avoid mistaking the rising new moon for a house afire, the clergy and Christian laity heartily rejoice in its progressive illuminations. It is a flat anachronism to repeat these charges of hostility to sound science on the part of our religious teachers. Dr. Draper should correct his reckoning here. It were a most peurile and unchristian fear. It is an every day common-place of our pulpits, that, as God

is equally the author of the books of *Nature* and *Revelation*, they can not conflict, when rightly interpreted. But when a Colenso or a Darwin is put forward as a competent interpreter of either, some of us beg leave to decline the referee. We will even venture to say to Dr. Draper, that his own undoubted scientific authority would be much stronger, if his books were not marred by so much of at least apparent self-contradiction.

One might possibly wonder how all this breadth of discussion should naturally fall within the limits of the title of this volume. The author likes to travel on a broad gauge; sometimes he would seem to be ploughing along where there is no track at all for his locomotive. We do not however object to the discursiveness of an active and well endowed mind. It shows us thus how various questions are correlated with its system of thought. Some will be posed at his undisguised admiration of the Mohammedan development (we do not mean domestically,) and the yet more novel satisfaction expressed in the Chinese organization of society. Yet each might teach us something, without doubt. Dr. Draper is sanguine that the alienation of feeling between the Southern and Northern States will soon pass by. He sees the solution of the Negro question in the fact that, at the close of the present century, there will probably be ninety millions of white inhabitants in our country to about nine millions of colored; p. 163: that is, in the relative diminution of the African, like the Indian, from our land. His book, if not satisfactory on many points, is worth perusal at this juncture of our affairs. It is the forecasting of a philosopher of nature upon the problem of our great future.

To us, its chief defect lies in its lack of recognition of the work which a supernatural Christianity must do for this national salvation. If our hope was nearly or mainly a naturalistic and scientific one, if the masses of our population are to be saved for this life only, by being reasoned into truth and righteousness through the medium of common-sense, by which supreme tribunal all moral and spiritual as well as material questions, we are here assured, must be adjudicated; p. 309: with all proper deference to these high functionaries which have thus far promised immensely more than they have ever performed, we should have small faith in the coming fortunes of our Republic. Prof. Draper's philosophy affirms "that Reason is the only, and must be the final judge: that supernatural testimony must wait upon her decisions, and that faith is only sure as it is founded on common sense." p. 310. He thinks that the populace can be brought to yield to the laws of truth and virtue by dint of intellectual training, as they accept the solution of a geomet-

rical or arithmetical problem ; p. 308. Morals, religion, theology need go to no other oracle than this for the settlement of their hard questions. We would accept his rule for holy living and a national millennium but for one very important fact which we wonder that he does not provide for. It is, that man is a fallen soul, with an impaired reason, a paralyzed conscience, a nature prone to evil as the sparks fly upwards.

2.—*The Conversion of the Roman Empire.* The Boyle Lectures for the year 1864 ; by CHARLES MERIVALE, B. D., Rector of Lawford ; author of a History of the Romans under the Empire. Cr : 8vo. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1865.

SOME books exhaust their subject ; others are exhausted by it. This is of neither of these classes. It is far from doing the first, for it is hardly more than a full table of contents of its theme. At the same time the author shows an ability to fill up his outline, by an ample discussion of the topics lying along this most interesting route of inquiry. Probably the restrictions of composing these lectures for the pulpit was the cause of his dismissing them so summarily. It is a misfortune that he had not set himself down to write a detailed history of the world-wide revolution here sketched, after the manner of his "Romans under the Empire," instead of having been set down, by the trustees of the Boyle fund, to prepare what are neither sermons, nor essays, nor historical chapters, but a kind of composite of the three, without the distinctive excellences of either.

The author needed free scope and wide margin for this account of the change of a world's religious faith, which had centuries for its preparation, and took up into its causes the gravest moral, social, political, and even cosmic forces. From the birth of Christ to the reign of Constantine measures a period of three hundred years. That was the visible duration of this "conversion." But much before the beginning of our era, the Roman State was getting ready for a transfer of its allegiance from the Pantheon to the Cross. The utter religious infidelity of the nation, and the effeteness of the old idolatry, had been undermining the foundations of the dead past, and gradually opening the way for a better cultus. It was like the thawing away of the submerged part of an iceberg as it floats into southern waters ; the liquefaction goes on silently, until by and by the centre of gravity changes, and over goes the mighty mass, making the ocean boil like a cauldron. The overturning of the Pagan worship came, when Constantine changed the world's centre of gravitation by pronouncing himself a Christian. But neither would he have taken this radical step, nor, if he had, would the nation have followed him, had

not the preliminary requisites been long maturing, from the capital to the circumference of his dominions, which embraced the then inhabited earth.

Mr. Merivale largely occupies his lectures with these preparations. They may be generalized into a few propositions, as: the universal absence of any thing, outside the Christian church, which deserved the name of a religion, and the yearning of innumerable souls for a satisfying faith and worship —

“That wild, unquenched, deep-sunken, old-world pain”:

the manifest comfort and triumphant strength which the followers of Christ derived from their belief in him, amid the most trying persecutions: the purity of their characters so sublimely answerable to the simplicity of the salvation they proclaimed: the evidence which their sacred writings furnished of a supernatural origin and sanction: last yet not least in immediate efficiency, “the temporal success with which Christianity was crowned.”

It is obvious that in the elaboration of such themes, in connection with a collateral exhibition of the intellectual and political state of the contemporary world, the highest literary and critical power will find a task equal to its utmost grasp. Mr. Merivale has wrought his material admirably in some respects. He has given us a graphic picture of the religious corruptness and stagnation of the old regime, into which the Gospel came to breathe life and to proclaim immortality. Into what a hell did it descend to preach to those spirits in prison! The lecturer shows a fine skill, as we might anticipate, in finding and estimating the historical conditions of his subject. If he fails anywhere in this direction, we think it is in not sufficiently appreciating, or at least setting forth, the effect of the Macedonian conquests in Hellenizing the eastern sections of the subsequent dominion of the Cæsars. The Greek element, flowing largely from this source, had more by far to do with Christianizing that empire, than the Latin. It marvellously prepared the way of the Lord, by spreading everywhere the language of the New Testament and of the Septuagint. The author has not omitted to recognize that element of the Roman culture which made it the fountain of law to the ancient world; and he has wrought out, with much clearness, the general bearing of this fact upon the subsequent Christian expansion. It had an important agency in this connection. So had the Pagan ethics of the better class. Each in its way, slave as it was to a heathen master, served as the “pedagogue” to bring the millions more or less heartily into the school of Christ.

Giving all due praise to the present work, we can not say that the

grand inquiry which its title starts, is yet adequately answered. Our author leads the way suggestively for some other explorer to follow. We trust he may not long be delayed; and if he shall throw into his pages somewhat more of the ardor of an apostolic sympathy with his task, this will no more than crown the great memorial thus reared to the honor of Christ, with its fitting halo.

3.—*France and England in North America.* A Series of Historical Narratives. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, author of "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," etc. Part First. 8vo. pp. xxii, 420. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

IN one respect the times which this book chronicles were like our own: they were full of life—but in what unlike manifestations! Nothing is more difficult than for our work-a-day, *utilizing* world to understand the enthusiasms, the fanaticisms of that waking-up day-break of Europe. It is easier to denude, in imagination, this continent of its cities, railways, and the entire vestments of its civilization of two centuries, and to put it back to its virgin forests, and aboriginal denizens, than to get a true idea of the nature of the men who figure in these pages as its first invaders and despoilers. Bloodhounds and monks working in the same harness to save the poor Indians from the devil; "every day, exhortations, sermons, prayers, in close succession," mixed up with "sharp controversy with the ministers on points of faith" as a grace before meals to the substantial courses of pitching captives into the sea and variously harrying the helpless; religion and rascality not hypocritically but most sincerely dovetailed—about as good a type of it all as any thing, is old Sir John Hawkins sailing up so grandly upon this naked coast with his first cargo of Guinea slaves in the good ship "Jesus," delivered from wreck and all sea-going perils, because, says the log-book of the voyage, "The Almighty God . . . never suffereth his Elect to perish."

This is a phase of human nature, and a section in the progress of human souls out of darkness into light, which it will always be useful to study. It needs study, for there are no metaphysics or ethical labyrinths more abstruse. The nearest self-obfuscation to it which we know of, is that of a Stonewall Jackson or a Leonidas Polk—very similar phenomena essentially, with a wide margin of excuse in favor of the earlier samples, as they had less means of mental and moral enlightenment. Here is the Spanish General Menendez's report of the slaughter, in cold blood, of two hundred shipwrecked French Huguenots on the Florida coast:

"I had their hands tied behind their backs, and themselves put to the sword. It appeared to me that, by thus chastizing them, God our Lord and your Majesty were served; whereby in future this evil sect will leave us more free to plant the gospel in these parts." p. 127.

The French and Spanish struggles on the more southern shores of our present Republic, were little better than the death-grapple of gladiators frenzied with national and ecclesiastical hate. An equally adventurous class of men were the French who, with Champlain at their head, somewhat later explored the more northern regions of the country. Avoiding the mistake of the former, they at once began to direct their attention to the culture of the soil, and to commercial relations with the natives. Terrible privations and sufferings lay in the path of these enterprises, demanding an almost more than human power of endurance. Here we have the picturesque story of Acadia, with its *couleur de rose* toned down to the more sombre grey of prose-reality. Over all this ground of romantic exploit, Mr. Parkman ranges with an easy mastery of his subject. It has been with him the study of a life, and he is thoroughly at home in its chequered details. His style catches a glow, a little too rufescent in spots, from the barbaric splendors and wealth of natural luxuriance which he describes, as the panorama of scenery, travel, war, conquest and motley adventure unrolls itself. All this bears the same relation to our history which the Argonautic expedition and the legends of the Troad bore to that of the Greeks; only where they had mere tradition and myth, we have authentic chronicles. The story is intrinsically of great and lasting interest. But relatively to the existing condition of our nation and the world, it has an immeasurably higher importance. Divine providence did not ordain this land to be a papal fief. A Protestant can never be indifferent to the way in which that result was brought about, against all probabilities and beginnings to the contrary. Spain on the south, and France on the north, expended their strength in vain to plant the Romish faith in what was to be these United States. The narrative is full of strangest vicissitude, and most serious meaning for the present citizens of this free land. We have no fear that what was a failure before the birth of our government, will ever be successfully effected. But we know that the hope is far from being abandoned; indeed the claim of Popery to this northern continent is now set up on the ground of the very attempts at possession which this history relates. These pages may teach us against what a power we must still stand watch by day and night.

Mr. Parkman is very copious in his references to authorities. We wonder at the fulness of his studies, when he tells us that his health

and eyesight have been so long and habitually impaired as to prevent his reading more than five minutes, at a time, during much of his literary life. His work must have allured him by its pleasures. So true is Cicero's beautiful panegyric of polite letters as a solace for human ills.

4.—*Life of Horace Mann.* By his Wife. 8vo. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Company. 1865.

MR. MANN is another striking illustration of the facility with which talent, in our civil and social condition, is able to rise to eminence through adverse circumstances. Of poor parentage, born to work with his hands and kept very closely at it, shut out in all his early years from educational advantages except the most meagre of the common, he yet broke away from apparent doom to obscurity, and made himself known to Massachusetts in his day. His was, from the first, and to the last, a career of labor. Mr. Mann was no genius, no pet of nature or circumstances or friends; he was simply a worker. And from first to last he struggled with adverse forces. In preparing for and entering professional life, he gathered largely his own straw and made his own brick. When he began to work for the public, and while he so worked, he projected and accomplished much that the public did not wish to have done at the time, and even yet some wish no small part of it undone. He was such a man as we sometimes find, more ahead of the times, and outside of the times, than a man of the times. So his life work was hard.

He did much towards founding the Lunatic Asylum at Worcester, and in advance of the general wish. Yet we know not the warrant for saying of him in this so much as the memoir does: He "projected and carried [it] through the House of Representatives with his own right arm." p. 47. A similar monopoly of credit for him in this thing is set forth in the First Report of the Board of State Charities. Others had a right arm in that pioneer work.

His own early and painful need of a better Common School System, together with his love of aggressive, detailed and humane work, prepared him to be the man for the conspiring times of 1835 and 40 and onward, when that system so needed and received its reconstruction. In this labor Mr. Mann's toils were herculean. Official and governmental neglect of the public schools, and popular apathy toward them, while funds, interest and pupils of the better class were devoted very much to private schools and academies—these things had well nigh destroyed our common school system. Mr. Mann would not be discouraged, denied or defeated in his endeavors to remodel and elevate the system. There were faults of experiment, of the times,

of expediency and of ignorance, that worked themselves in, as a matter of course. Practice always adopts and then shuffles off many theories of a working man. We pardon them more readily than the traditional antiquarian errors and blunders that men adopt and copy without thinking. The one work of Mr. Mann, and his measure of eminence, pertain to our common school system. Aside from this, and in his other years and labors, he showed the like industry, but not results.

The spirit of the man mars this book as it did his life. Through all, in his journal, letters, addresses and conversations, he shows a sub-acid and rancorous enmity to evangelical religion. And there is a persistent frequency in this manifestation. He caricatures grossly the theology and religion of his pastor and the Franklin church; pp. 13—17. The ministers and churches often seemed to be in his way, but they were, singularly, all evangelical. "Hearing common sermons gives my piety the consumption." p. 74. But they were Orthodox sermons. We do not object at all to his using his own right to adopt his own religion, but that petulant irritated spirit, with its constant thrusts, is a shadow over the whole volume. We should feel better if we could think that this hostility lay only against the theology of Dr. Emmons. Our fear is that it lay against all revealed religion, as authoritative over natural religion. One passage will serve as a key to our reference: "Natural religion stands as preëminent over revealed religion, as the deepest experience over the slightest hearsay." p. 68. If this be so we must hereafter think far less of the moral heroism and theology of Paul on Mars Hill, when trying to supplant a natural with a revealed religion. We hope an admirer of Mr. Mann does him great injustice on p. 18, where he says of him: "He accepted the deism of Cicero." But this is a hope deferred, making the heart sick, as we go through the volume.

In the light of the frank, full and loving delineation of Mr. Mann, which his wife has given in this work, we do not wonder that so much anxiety was felt about his influence over the children of Massachusetts, through his official relation to them. Much of Mr. Mann we admire, and we prize the Memoir for the record, and it pains us to record so much dissent as we have. We like some memoirs for what we dislike in them, and this is one of them. There is a painfully faithful and true delineation of features that we do not love to contemplate.

5. — *Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare.* With an Essay toward the Expression of his Genius, and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama to the Time of Shakespeare.

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. 8vo. pp. 425. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

THE Shakesperian problem is almost as puzzling as that of Junius. Not that we believe in the Baconian theory of the origin of the Shakesperian plays. Yet, with this book before us, we deem it not impossible that the next half dozen centuries more or less, may reduce the "Swan of Avon" as nearly to a myth as Homer seemed about becoming less than a hundred years ago. Mr. White has devoted perhaps a score of years to investigations concerning the personal life of his illustrious subject, and with next to absolutely no new biographical results. He has sifted our actual knowledge of Shakespeare's history of some apocryphal traditions, has put into neatest order what of personal narrative may finally be accepted as reliable. We run through the record and say in wonder: is this all that the world is ever to know of its mightiest literary magician? And if this be all, was there ever a William Shakespeare?

Doubtless there was. Does he not sit, in princely intellectuality, among his "Friends," in the Art Union's fine engraving; and would that voracious corporation cheat its patrons with a mere fancy print? Certainly such a sovereign must have had friends; but who they were, or who he was, who shall try again to tell us, with Mr. White's small handful of gleanings for his encouragement?

What we do know of him individually is not altogether happy. His start in life was a *faux pas*; the bond of wedlock assumed not quite soon enough, was not a silken yoke; his London career is mostly a matter of inference from slight premises; his return to Stratford has a more substantial character, and one would hope gave birth to a remnant of more satisfying experience; his tomb, in that charming old rural church, has a soothingly pathetic look; if any one there doubts the authenticity of the man lying underneath, it is evident that the gentlemanly clerk does not, who will be happy for your half crown to help the never ending "restoration" of this sacred shrine of all true pilgrims.

Mr. White may contemplate, with rare gratification, the results of his Shakespearian labors. His edition, now completed, of these dramas and other poems, is second to no former imprint of them, from whosoever scholarship it may have issued. This preliminary volume is a fit entrance to so splendid a temple. The analysis of Shakespeare's genius is, for the greater part, a most commendable specimen of calm, lucid, well-balanced, self-vindicating criticism. The critic respects himself and his subject too much to indulge in any extravagances of rhetoric. There is a judicial evenness in the con-

duct of this inquiry. Mr. White's idea of the growth of the great dramatist's powers is natural. We have not a doubt that he is right in setting aside any theory of a design in the poet to teach any system of ethical or civil science, under these disguises. He wrote, as the birds sing, because there was music in him, not because he was conscious of his mental supremacy, or recognized any special vocation to educate his own or a future generation. It would be difficult to persuade us that to make money was the inspiring motive of these immortal creations. Shakespeare surely was not a penny-a-liner. He published no plays, and seems to have regarded them cheaply. His contemporaries were instructed and amused by him, and left it to others yet to come to discover that the retired playwright of Stratford was the chief intellectual man of the modern age.

- 6.—*An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy*, and of the Principal Philosophical Questions Discussed in his Writings. By JOHN STUART MILL. 2 volumes, 8vo. pp. 330, 354. Boston: William V. Spencer. 1865.

THIS, with the exception of two elaborate articles on the Positive Philosophy of Augustus Comte, in recent numbers of the *Westminster Review*, is Mr. Mill's latest contribution to philosophical literature. His writings have now all been republished in this country, and his opinions are rapidly passing into current thought. These latest volumes exhibit him in a new and higher department of thought than he has heretofore attempted, and demand careful examination. But to thoroughly do this they must not only be compared with Sir Wm. Hamilton's writings, but with the earlier works of Mr. Mill himself; for Mr. Mill has regularly advanced from a certain base to the discussion of all the points of philosophy; and this base or postulate was laid down in his earliest work. We hope to be able, in our next number, to enter into this examination, considering the entire works of the author, and endeavoring to ascertain their value.

We can only add here that Mr. Spencer has issued these volumes in the same elegant style in which he published the "Dissertations and Discussions" a year ago. They ought to find a place in every library, as the general philosophical writings of one of the most acute and liberal thinkers of our age.

- 7.—*Speeches of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States*. With a Biographical Introduction, by FRANK MOORE. 12mo. pp. xlviii, 494. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1865.

THESE speeches are valuable to us and to the world, not for the common reason of oratorical power which commends such produc-

tions to our notice, but from their relation to the Chief Magistrate of this Republic. They attract our attention for the same cause which leads us to study so closely the reports of brief addresses to local delegations, to disbanding regiments, and as intently, the conversations held by Mr. Johnson with individuals waiting on him for national and political ends. Anything which he has to offer or has spoken or written upon our public concerns, is of consequence, as helping us to understand the views of our governmental head, in these days of obscure vision and much solicitude. For these reasons, this book is timely.

The preliminary account of Mr. Johnson's career to his present eminent position is perhaps sufficient for the occasion. It makes what follows intelligible, so far as the circumstances of individual life may explain a man's sentiments. It also weaves into itself some fragments of public deliverances which perhaps could hardly be called speeches, but which have great significance in connection with the black population of our Southern States. All that we have read of the President's opinions with respect to this question has gone far to convince us that he is the sincere friend of the negro race—not a negrophilist in the ultra and one-sided sense, but their real well-wisher; and more than this, that he desires to do what he sees to be practicable for them, in the complicated state of their affairs. He is downright even to bluntness, in his words, and we are hard to be persuaded that his acts are not, at least, his own honest interpretation of his words to the nation.

His views concerning the late rebellion, as we can gather them from his various addresses, strongly assert the necessity of sustaining the integrity of government by the punishment of disloyalty. The loyal people of this land have leaned upon these declarations with great confidence.

It is clear that the government must have time in which to manage the grave and difficult issues before it; if so, then the country must cultivate the grace of patience.

We should not wish to intimate that no inconsistencies may be discovered between the positions and views of Mr. Johnson as here set forth, and subsequent attitudes and expressions of his official life. A man of the people, more even if possible than his excellent predecessor, he has got his growth by degrees, and from the shifting states of feeling around him. His lack of a thorough education is obvious enough from his intellectual productions; and he would be the last one to contend that his opinions have undergone no revolutions. Every one's do who has a vital not a mechanical development. We

are no prophets, and with the rest of the world must wait to see whereunto all these things will grow.

- 8.—*Reminiscences Historical and Biographical of sixty-four years in the Ministry.* By Rev. HENRY BOEHM. Edited by Rev. Joseph R. Wakely. 16mo. pp. 493. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1865. [Boston: J. P. Magee.]

NARRATIONS like these are sure of interesting the more immediate acquaintances of their subject; and if judiciously prepared are useful to readers generally. This volume covers the century which has witnessed the rise and growth of American Methodism. Its author, at the age of ninety years, thus puts in a permanent form his journals and recollections of a widely travelled and varied service in that church. He was particularly intimate with its earlier bishops, especially the energetic Asbury; and discovers a more than average power in judging and delineating character. The book is marked with strong denominational features, and, in its graphic pictures of the primitive Methodism, again reminds us of the violent contrast of the present fashions of that people with their originally simple ways. While doctrinal Methodism retains its first rigidity, the practical resemblance of the offspring to its parent seems mostly reduced to the camp-meeting devoteeism of the present day. If the reading of books like this should turn back the drift of feeling and custom somewhat toward that earlier type of the Christian life, we think the result would be a decided gain to the religious world.

ARTICLE IX.

THE ROUND TABLE.

THE TRUE CHURCH. The reading community have been entertained of late by a series of prophesyings in the third column of the *Daily Evening Traveller*, under the head of "Episcopal church." Very curious are these prophesyings as a matter of psychology. They are the productions of a scholar and a man of high literary culture, composed in a style in which elegance, quaintness and affectation are strangely blended; and, withal, the utterances, apparently, of a sincere and earnest spirit. The things he writes are evidently true to him, and yet they are of so peculiar a character that we have called them entertaining. They impress us as the fancies of an en-

thusiast, the hallucinations of a devotee, the rhapsodies of an inamorado. The writer seems to know that Episcopacy is the only form of church polity which had the sanction of Christ and his apostles, that its ministry is the only true ministry, and that it is the divinely constituted guardian of purity in devotion and purity in discipline, to the end of the dispensation! His language is: "The ancient, abiding, Apostolic Fold, which God's Christly Providence has preserved, through all corruptions and laxities to be, in its entire Catholic constitution, the ultimate witness to his Evangelic Truth, and an Ark of spiritual safety and order to his people." We have said within ourselves: "Alas for her fidelity in this great matter when, in the days of Charles and James and Elizabeth, she so shamed every principle of purity, both in doctrine and discipline, that the very godliest and best of her ministers and laymen were constrained to leave her 'ancient, abiding, Apostolic Fold,' and ultimately to flee across the cold and turbulent ocean to the wilderness, where, under the simple forms of Congregationalism, 'God's Christly Providence' so manifestly honored them as the restorers of pure doctrine and discipline, and has preserved these under the same simple forms for nearly two centuries and a half." Nay, God honored those men as the builders of a new civil empire, whose strong pillars have had their foundations in the doctrines preached by a Congregational ministry, and the discipline maintained by Congregational churches. We trust we have experienced all the gratification that should result from the large Christian charity which simple, apostolic Congregationalism breathes and inculcates, when we have seen among the pleasant pictures of New England, the modest Episcopal structure raising its spire in the vicinity of the more ample and numerous edifices consecrated to a simpler worship. But when the claim is set up, and pressed, and urged, with air of lofty assumption, here in Boston and New England, in the reserved column of a widely circulated daily newspaper, not one in a hundred of whose readers, as we suppose, is an Episcopalian, that the Episcopal church is the true Apostolic church, and her ministry the true apostolic ministry, to the exclusion of all other, we are amused, and say to ourselves: "Why, here is a very singular and very harmless hallucination! Here is a mind peculiarly constituted, evidently, and that must have had a peculiar history, and the end of whose peculiarities no one would venture to predict!"

We trust we have justified what may have seemed a trifling remark for so grave a subject at the beginning of this paper, that we have found entertainment in these harmless fancies recently promulged in the Episcopal column of the *Daily Traveller*. Often

and irresistibly, in reading them, have we been reminded of a woman named Sally, who lived in a little log cottage having a single small window, in the edge of a forest in the vicinity, when we were at college. The distance afforded a pleasant Saturday afternoon's walk to the students. Sally was the subject of a singular illusion, fancying her little cabin to be a fine mansion, in the midst of park and garden, and, as she retained still a sprightly wit and great volubility, with traces of the beauty that had distinguished her in her earlier days, it was at once amusing and sad to witness the enthusiasm with which she would descant on the varied decorations and beauties of her house and grounds, pointing, with eloquent gesture and soft, silken voice, to the broad avenues and grand shade trees, where we saw only stunted hemlocks and struggling birches amid tangled underbrush. But Sally never disparaged the dwellings of her neighbors.

In all gravity and sincerity we say, that, highly as we value Congregationalism, for its godly ministry, its scriptural doctrine, its purity of fellowship, its power to purge itself of all false doctrine and heresy, and not least, its undoubted primitive and apostolic origin; and much as we desire that all true disciples should enjoy the liberty wherewith Christ hath made his people free; we do, nevertheless, cherish a warm affection, and profess a fraternal fellowship, for all those ministers of the Gospel who are induced to prefer the Episcopal church. It has been our privilege and our pleasure, to co-operate with such in great Christian enterprises; we have visited them at their homes, and prayed with them in their studies. We have stood with them (on a week day) in the pulpits of their venerable churches, and heard from their lips expressions of regret that they were not permitted to introduce us there on the Sabbath; but never, in a single instance, did we hear from any one of those men of ample soul and godly spirit, churchmen born and churchmen bred, the faintest utterance resembling the airy fantasies which have now for some time past entertained the community, in the Episcopal column of the *Daily Evening Traveller*.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS AND RECEPTIONS. The receptions of welcome to our returning heroes of the army, are eminently proper and just. We owe it to ourselves, as an expression of our gratitude to them for saving our government's institutions and honor. We owe it also to them as having prevented the independence of the South, and so the restoration of an era of the dark ages. Ten or fifteen dollars a month, with some bounty in some cases, can not pay for doing such work. It is worth more than money can indicate or measure to

be shot at three years or less, eat hard tack and bad pork, lie upon the ground, in the open air, and count days and months at Belle Isle and Andersonville.

They have a right to feel the grasping hand, hear the cheers, see the glad faces and loaded tables, and listen to the thankful, welcoming words of crowding hundreds and thousands.

So our fallen ones, who gave their lives for their country in the great rebellion, are entitled to the marble column and inscription, as a perpetual memorial, dedicated by prayer and by oration, setting forth their heroic spirit and deeds, and picturing the fields where they fell.

These monumental dedications and receptions have another most important place and use. For historic and patriotic purposes they are occasions for collecting, setting in order, and setting forth in print, the relations of their respective localities and communities to the war.

The leading addresses on such occasions embrace, or should embrace, the spirit of the place touching the war, the response to the calls for men, what was done privately and what by city and town authority for the volunteers, drafted men, and their families; how many and who went, an epitome of their campaigns, the battles they went through, who was wounded, when, where and how. Around each fallen soldier there should be gathered personal and family items of interest, an outline of the battle in which he fell, or some account of his hospital, prison or home days, if he closed them in either. So the roll of honor and the record of fame are made one, and serve for all the future.

Our communities need just this. It is the food of patriotism, the fuel of heroic fire. Such records make a town or city sure for any coming time of need. These names and deeds would prove as a spell to conjure with, if ever seventy-five, or three hundred thousand men should be again called for.

These local and honorable memorials will prove the very best material for our future historians of the rebellion, and the nation can not afford to leave them ungathered, unuttered and unprinted. Such items of the Revolution, saved from oblivion, were worth for us in the beginning of our late struggle a standing army to start with. The nation, that lets such memories die, can not live itself.

These occasions, therefore, should be made and used, as we are glad to see they are in some places already, both for the honor of our army, and for patriotic and governmental purposes. But the occasions when made, should be put into the hands of men, who will use them with labor and research for personal, local, biographical and

historical purposes. They should not be lost in a harangue, political and party speech, or recast sermon.

We never forgave an eminent scholar for once suffering a bi-centennial to slip away through his commonplaces. Two hundred years had labored to make his opportunity, and he squandered it on an old and thumbed manuscript, that might have served as well at a cattle-show, and had evidently done much duty somewhere, before it intruded on the sacred grounds of the pilgrim fathers.

We have before us, at this writing, an address at the dedication of a soldiers' monument, whose brief commemorative passages are patriotic generalities only; and whose body is a disquisition on the causes, spirit and issues of the war. The address alone would not inform the reader where the monument is, how many it commemorates, who they were, how many of them were killed, how many died in our hospitals, how many among rebels, how many at home; and how many widows and orphans mourn them; nor yet whether any of those dying on the field aided to turn the tide of a single battle, and fell amid the shouts of victory. That is, as a historical and commemorative address, it is worthless.

Every town and city should have one of these days, if not a monument; and the leading men should make it the day of this half-century. But to gain this, they must see to it that Hamlet is not left out of the play by the principal actors.

. Several Book-Notices, and other matter, prepared for this number, are necessarily deferred until January.

ERRATA. On p. 338, l. 25, for "Adam Clarke," read Samuel Clarke: p. 455, l. 17, for "laying," read lying: p. 521, line 20, for "council," read counsel.

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